TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

I reckon the habit of betting big money on sporting events will be less prevalent in Toronto hereafter, for a couple of years at least. The defeat of O'Connor has been a heavy blow to "the boys," as the betting fraternity are fond of calling themselves, and some of them will come home to Toronto pretty nearly poor. The majority of men who are naturally smart and die poor, are those who make a business of trying to get something for nothing, and the consequence is that they have to live on one another and the stray pickings they get from "the lambs" who fall in their way. And the lambs themselves, after having been picked, are very apt to go into the wolf business themselves, and thus the whole amount of money that circulates in sporting circles is restricted in amount and is watched over pretty carefully by those "dead game" speculators who are anxious to have a sure thing before they invest. I have heard of gamblers getting rich, of men who made a pot of money out of betting who kept it, of the lucky holders of lottery tickets who have made a big haul and had sense enough to cling to it, but I never had a personal acquaintance with any such, and I imagine the stories are but card table legends. I know of a man in Philadelphia who drew a two hundred and fifty thousand dollar prize in a lottery. At that time he was on the road to wealth in a legitimate business. Now he is a tramp. Half-a-dozen other instances of men who have been ruined by what seemed to be a stroke of good fortune suggest themselves to me, but not a solitary example of a man to whom sudden and easily gotten wealth of this sort proved anything but a snare. Of course we would all be willing to take the chance of being snared if we were sure of winning, but one can't be sure and in betting the old adage is a true one, that it is almost dangerous to be safe.

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The tendency in human nature of trying to get something for nothing is not confined to betting men and gamblers. The most unsalable goods are disposed of by shrewd salesmen who "throw something in," premiums and prizes are given with newspapers in order to make believe that something is being given for nothing. Three card monte men would never find a victim if greedy ignorance was not always ready to bite at a chance of getting something for nothing. There would be no bidders at mock auctions if silliness and greed could not be convinced by a ready talker that a solid gold watch belonging to a bankrupt stock was being offered at the price of old iron. Women would not flock to bargain counters and buy back number millinery and an armful of trash if they did not imagine they were getting their goods at less than cost, forgetful the while that no matter what the cost may have been, they are still paying far more than it is worth. People nearly always get bitten when they endeavor to get goods for less than their value. Their very readiness to take advantage of the supposed necessities of the salesmen proves them to be lacking in a sense of fair play and when they get the worst of it they deserve and receive no sympathy, or much less indeed than those who lose their money in a game of chance or on some sporting event where both parties are willing to take the risk and abide by the result. Money made in a bet seems just as if it had been found and tickles the possessor of it immensely, so much so, in fact, that he is apt to spend it with hilarious profusion. One man suspects another of having made some money betting, and he expects to share a bottle of wine over it, and quickly and easily as the money came its departure is quite as sudden. Then, if one wins, it is apt to be a temptation to try again and the money itself seems valueless and is quickly dissipated, while if he loses the money is gone and either way the sport receives little or no benefit. If occasionally a man risks a little money that he can well afford to lose, it may add to the fun of the day but it is an exceedingly bad example and one sure to be followed by those who cannot afford to lose and who are likely to be tempted to appropriate the money of their employer to make good their losses or to prevent exposure. However, it is useless to moralize. Ever since the world began people delighted in taking desperate chances, and they will keep on taking them to the end of the chapter.

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Sir Hector Langevin and Mr. Chapleau have been making very pretty little speeches in which they extol their conduct in always taking a Dominion instead of a Provincial view of the questions before them. As has already been pointed out in a number of the political papers this sort of thing is very patriotic and pleasing in a speech, but it would be much more conducive to the public welfare if the conduct of the gentlemen in question had been more in harmony with their precepts. They have both gotten their prominence as Provincial politicians. Their presence in the Dominion Government was made possible by the fact that they each have a Quebec following which is necessary to Sir John's supremacy, and those who know the history of the Bleu party are aware that both Sir Hector and Mr. Chapleau have maintained their present position by enforcing the claims, no matter how unreasonable, of Quebec at moments when their defection would have meant the collapse of Sir John's Government. It has always been the way with these Quebec politicians to pose as broad-minded patriots and to affect contempt for the petty provincial devices by which they say they would scorn to make themselves powerful. History, however, is against both of these plausible gentlemen, and the circumstances, no doubt, partially at least, justify the course they have pursued insomuch as no other road to greatness seemed to offer itself. Whoever represents Quebec must be a Provincialist, and for this reason Provincialism is becoming unpopular.

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Toronto will show what metal it is made of by the way it receives O'Connor when he gets home. If this city has no honors for an honorable man who fails to "get there" it will be in the nature of a warning to a man to "get there" no matter how. If there were but one way of making money as an athlete the failure of his fellow townsmen to welcome home the beaten horse might sadden O'Connor without suggesting to him the inadvisability of continuing in his present honorable policy. But the fact that wealth can be acquired by being "crooked" should make Torontonians feel that some encouragement is due the man who is always straight even if he isn't always successful. Defeat is bad enough, but to be overlooked at his own door after being the cynosure of the eyes of the world would be cruel indeed. Of course a man should be honest because of principle, not for policy, but unless, in the midst of temptation, the average man is encouraged in well doing, he will not be honest because of either policy or principle, in fact will not be honest at all.

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We are in the midst of our great Industrial Fair again, and if I forgot to say something about its greatness and the positively unrivalled attractions it presents, I would be held by my fellow-citizens as unworthy the name of a Torontonian and entirely unfit to write for a newspaper. The local pride in our fair has helped to make it what it is. The management has always been good and progressive, but the show has for its back-bone Toronto's unalterable faith in itself and the advantageous position she occupies. To say that this year's Exhibition is better than ever before would be simply to express my opinion, for I have not yet been to see it, but I am sure that no one could convince me that it is worse for the simple reason that hereabouts if we have a conviction at all it is in the nature of a belief that Toronto and the Industrial are growing, and must necessarily grow, in beauty side by side and fill our home with glee, etc. These few lines are, without permission, respectfully dedicated to Hamilton.

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SUNDAY MORNING.

I have always thought there was a good deal of humbug in the theory that some preachers are so fond of advancing, by which a connection is shown between the Saxon race and the lost tribes of Israel. This prejudice has, to a great extent, been removed by reading a number of the lectures of Rev. W. H. Poole, LL.D (Wm. Briggs, publisher). Rev. Mr. Poole is well known in Toronto, and, indeed, throughout America, and those who know how hearty he is in his opinions, can imagine the vigor with which he sets them forth in his book of nearly seven hundred pages. The style is pleasing and lucid, the arguments, instead of being far-fetched as I imagined they would have been, seem to bear out the conclusions he is evidently seeking. It would be useless to attempt a resume of his book, but in following out his contention, "In Isaac shall thy seed be called," we are shown that the word "Saxon" comes from a "son of Isaac," by dropping the prefix "I," and adding the affix "ons." Thus, after the dropping of the "I" (which represents a yod, one of the smallest letters of the Hebrew alphabet, and which forms no part of the root of the word), Isaacsons becomes Saxons, "son" being well known to be a Saxon affix, meaning son, viz.: the son of Isaac, the same as Donaldson is the "son of Donald," as MacDonald is the "son of Donald" also, and FitzWilliam is the "son of William." Thus it is he proves that "In Isaac shall thy seed be called" and that this prophecy is fulfilled and we are called Saxons. The long line of reasoning which leads up to this is very interesting reading. His sketch of Irish history showing that one of the lost tribes reached that country, of the Druids as the "teachers of the islands of the sea," of the establishment of the school of the prophets, of Jeremiah's tomb, etc., are all brought to bear on this point. He argues that the tribe Simeon is the original of the Cymry of Wales, that the crowned lion, still on our flag, is the "lion of the tribe of Judah," that the Union Jack when traced to its origin will be found to be derived from Jacob, and that Britain itself means a covenant, the word being derived from Be-rith which is the Hebrew word for covenant and is used in such passages as these: "And I will never break my covenant (Be-rith) with you." "British," he says means the "man of the covenant." The ideas are so ingenious, if not conclusive, that it makes Anglo-Israel an exceedingly interesting book to read and one that must afford pleasure and profit to all those who take an interest in Bible study.

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I remember a friend of mine once telling me of a neighborhood in Montana where horse stealing became so prevalent that it was finally held by many to be a legitimate business. Corrupt practices in elections in Haldimand are so customary and the elections are voided with such regularity that we have grown to expect an annual round up of the voters for the purpose of purchasing a majority and affording material for the defeated candidate to create a vacancy as soon as the machinery of the law can be set in operation. Messrs. Colter and Montague have held the seat turn about, and both political parties have reaped what small advantage there was to be gained by having a supporter elected in the sweet-scented district which had just been relieved of its representative by the election court. Grits and Tories seem to be tarred with the same stick and are unable to throw rocks at each other. The Grits have been horrified at the shameless effrontery of Dr. Montague's friends in purchasing votes, misleading Indians and tampering with the voters' lists and the Tories have been chilled to the marrow with shame and rage to observe how utterly reckless of human and divine laws Mr. Colter's Grit friends have become in their anxiety to place him at the head of the poll. The effect has apparently been to make political vice lose its hideousness, and they have not only "endured" it, but "embraced" it systematically and enthusiastically. The politicians outside of Haldimand are still able to express their sorrow and regret at the terrible exposures which have been there made of recent years, but we all suspect that their anguish is not over wrong-doing, but in having it perpetrated by an opponent, to their disadvantage. Political horse-thieving in Canada has indeed become almost a legitimate business. With the increased stringency of election laws and the costliness of trials in the election court, buying votes is not as fashionable as it once was, but it has not become any less respectable. The evidence furnished by the trial of this last episode goes to prove that now-a-days the political associations are endeavoring to reduce the thing to a science, though the politicians must observe with regret that their efforts have not been altogether successful. There is no contempt felt for the man who buys a vote. If he can buy a hundred he is lionized, and if he can get his seat without being caught he is thought worthy of a place in the Cabinet. Bribery by provinces, constituencies and localities is a part of our system. Since the protection idea became popular, bribery by special privileges to various classes of manufactures and guilds of all sorts has become still more effective. Our constitution has been admirably framed to enable the government in power to use all the offices included in their executive function for the purpose of controlling elections. Even the power to be exercised in their judicial capacity comes in handy on election day in the shape of promised pardons for criminals who have influential relatives; and their legislative function is a triumph of the bribery art insomuch as a little addition to the tariff affects certain sections of the community to such an extent that a few hundred or thousands of dollars for election purposes are yielded up with pleasure. In localities where the electors have not yet had evidence of the benignant character of the government, the trifles, in the shape of public works, given in return for votes are considered the highest statesmanship in the most refined political circles.

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We should not feel surprised that the voter has begun to think, has indeed been firmly assured, that political horse-thieving is not only a legitimate business, but a manly art. It may be said that we are no worse than our neighbors the wicked republicans across the line, but that may be true without being at all flattering to ourselves. It is the intention of this paragraph to do nothing else than call attention to the fact and this it is, that it is not considered wrong to bribe. This is proven by the conduct of every one in our political high places and may just as well be recognized. I don't imagine that political morality is at any lower ebb than it was years ago, but there are few indications that the standard is any higher. The men we put in public offices are not expected to steal more than is absolutely necessary to enable them to get along, but they are not expected to be honest. If a man has a chance to rob the treasury, and he only takes a portion of what there is in it, he points with pride to the fact that he didn't take it all, and it seems a matter of surprise and congratulation to a part of the public that he left anything for his successor, while the friends of the man who refrains from taking all there is, are about equally divided in being proud of his moderation or ashamed of the weakness which prevented his favorites from making a full crop of hay while the political sun was at its meridian. Experience has proven that the most popular man of this sort is the one who wants nothing but office for himself and is willing to let the boys have the chest. It certainly shows that even-handed justice which even pirates observed in those good old days when men were made to walk the plank and Spanish gold was plentiful on the high seas. It is perhaps useless to moralize over things of this sort and disclosures such as are frequently being made in election courts, yet it is useless to assume any high and costly variety of virtue when we so obviously "have it not," nor is its absence frequently deplored except when a political party which has been defeated by still more unscrupulous opponents makes loud its disconsolate wail. Yet the purity of the ballot is the key-stone of political liberty. We bemoan the fact that the seventh commandment is not obeyed as generally as it

should be. No doubt a trespass under this caption is felt more keenly by those whose family relations are disturbed than by those who view it simply in the abstract. Yet it is a generally received truth that obedience to the seventh commandment is absolutely necessary to the safety and permanence of society. When we hear of a man or woman, a father or a mother, trafficing in the virtue of a child we are horrified beyond expression. When a brother—and thank God such a thing seldom occurs—sells the purity of his sister, no words can describe our abhorrence of the criminal and his base act. Yet we day after day view with complacency the prostitution of men and, unmoved, see them trafficing in their honor and the honor of others when their offence is political instead of social. I feel increasingly doubtful whether the utter selfishness, the disregard of the general good, the utter indifference so generally felt as to what happens so long as it does not happen to us, is not as great a menace, if exhibited in political matters as if exhibited in things social. It is the same principle, or rather the same lack of principle, in both cases. I will not carry the comparison any further. If you desire to philosophize on this point, you can find plenty of examples and can carry the argument to its legitimate conclusion, remembering always that virtue, being a sentiment, cannot find a home in hearts whence sentiment has been banished by unlicensed materialism. If we can afford to sell our votes for money and not feel ashamed, why when we are hungry should we be deterred from the sacrifice of other things which honor, decency and self-respect should hold sacred. If to be fed is the first law, to be virtuous must at best be but the second, and then no one will go without dinner while a dollar can be made by breaking what commandments may stand in the way of refreshment.

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A morning contemporary, referring to the terrible entanglement into which Mr. Robert Ray Hamilton got himself, volunteers the verdict that he is a "consummate ass," and that "there are hundreds of men leading his same vicious life who will take no warning from his deplorable downfall." I think those who have read the story of this man's infatuation for a bad woman, will not take so harsh a view of his character. Robert Ray Hamilton is the great-grandson of Alexander Hamilton, whose genius has a most commanding place in the history of America. The young man had wealth, yet, as has been pointed out by the New York papers, he had neglected none of the duties of citizenship. He was neither a dude nor a snob, and is described as "earnest, faithful and conscientious, high-minded and of a true and admirable spirit; a man of a fine and sensitive nature, cultivated and refined, abhorring meanness and evasion, steadfast in his friendships, modest and unassuming, and seeking for only what was his real desert. A brave man, too, as was shown by his not attempting to dodge the responsibility of his acts, but facing them squarely like a man." The New York *Sun*, in a most excellent editorial, points out how often it is that men of this sort are the victims of a delusion "for which it is as impossible to account as it is to account for the many vagaries of passion." The victim of this particularly bad women, when he had fairly yielded himself into her power, was gone; though everybody else knew his danger and recognized the woman as a coarse and bold harpy he could not discover it or her. The *Sun* says his very virtues put him more in the power of the syren; the greater and higher his honor the easier it was for her to bind him to her will, and the more delicate his refinement the more she could enchain him. But at last it ended. He did not run away and hide, but he fought it out, and one feels sorry to see mankind, and newspaper kind, pour over a poor unfortunate devil of this sort who has been duped and betrayed and at last dares the disgrace of publicity, those showers of ridicule and abuse, which at the best of times show an utter absence of feeling, or at least of appreciation of the difficulties of another, and which should never come, except from those who have made no mistakes themselves. This poor beggar, when he thought he was the father of a bad woman's child, married her. He was being humbugged, but he showed he was willing to do all that he could to rectify his mistake and to cover with the mantle of his good name one whom he thought had a right to wear it. Few would make such sacrifice and when it is remembered that the name that he bore is one of the best known and most noble in the history of the American nation we can appreciate the man's true character, and to see him endeavoring to cover up the sins of a wicked woman at the sacrifice of that name I think deserves more pity than curses.

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I have not yet digested the viaduct scheme proposed by Engineer Wellington. I can't say I was favorably impressed by the man himself, he was too loud mouthed and self-assertive, but his plan may be good. At any rate, it is the sort of thing which should be thoroughly discussed before ardent admirers or prejudiced opponents be heard as a finality upon it.

DON.

Social and Personal.

All the fashionable world, or at least, that portion of it which is in town, spent some of its time last week at the Tournament of the Toronto Lawn Tennis Club. Mr. Kirkpatrick, the honorary secretary of the club, is to be congratulated in having, in the first year of his office, conducted to a close one of the most successful tournaments on record. He was fortunate in being favored with an unusually large list of entries, and it was this fact which prolonged the tournament for five whole days, until Saturday last. The defeat of Mr. Wood of London by Mr. Gibbs of the Granite Club was a surprise, and the final victory of Mr. Plummer, the crack T. L. T. C. player of the year, in this event, was highly popular. On Saturday the attendance was especially large. After a plucky and hardly fought game, Mr. G. W. Yarker was defeated by Dr. Sprague of Victoria, B. C., in the final tie of the veterans' singles, but the lamentations and commiserations of the fair sex must have compensated the former "veteran" for his fall. Mr. Hyman established his right to maintain the title of champion of Canada by his defeat of Mr. Plummer, and proved, as he has done in so many former years, that there is no Canadian player who can approach his form. In partnership with his fellow-citizen, Mr. Wood, he vanquished Messrs. Mackenzie and Plummer in the final round of the doubles, and thus showed that he still understands the double game as well as the single. The easy defeat of all the competitors from the States was unexpected, but it did not seem to be disagreeable to the spectators. The sight of so many ladies among the spectators, who are themselves capable of wielding a racquet to the best advantage, was a constant reminder of the desirability of renewing the extinct ladies' prize. I commend this addition to the attractions of their tournament, to the consideration of the committee of the club.

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It was a great regret to many people last spring that a delightful and healthful form of amusement, which had been so popular for several years in both Autumn and Spring, seemed to be losing its popularity. I refer to the delightful riding parties, or riding and driving parties, which are still so pleasant a memory to many equestrians and equestrienes. That such events were few last spring is to a great extent to be accounted for by the fact that many of the ladies who formerly organized them were absent from town. Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Mrs. Yarker, the Misses Yarker, and the Misses Larratt Smith, were amongst the absentees. The greater number of these ladies', however, will be in town during the coming Autumn, so that there is every prospect that October and November will see a great revival of one of the most fascinating of society's pastimes.

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Mr. Hume Blake returned to town last week. He has been staying for some weeks with his family at Murray Bay, P. Q.

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After an absence of a year in England and Scotland, Mr. Baillie Hamilton and Lady Evelyn Baillie Hamilton have returned to Toronto. Mr. Baillie Hamilton is the gifted inventor of the vocalion. During his residence here this gentleman made many friends, while Lady Evelyn is doubly welcomed back for her own sake and because she is the sister of a late and popular governor-general.

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Sir John and Lady Wilkinson of Eaton Place, London, England, have been spending a week with friends in Toronto.

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A select contingent of Torontonians left for Montreal on Wednesday evening to be present at the marriage of Mr. Dice Saunders and Miss Brehant of that place. The bride is well-known and well liked in Toronto society, while the groom's popularity extends far beyond his special sphere, the cricket field. Mr. Saunders is in the foremost rank of Canadian cricketers. His wicket keeping was admitted by Englishmen to be equal to any amateur wicket keeping in the old country, while as a batsman, he is surpassed by very few Canadians.

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Mr. M. J. Taylor and Miss Taylor returned on Tuesday from a trip through portions of England, Scotland and the continent. Mr. Taylor says the pleasantest part of his trip was his two weeks' shooting on the moors and sailing on the lochs of Scotland.

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Mr. Fred C. Oxenham of the Canada Life, Hamilton, is spending his holiday at his home on St. Patrick street.

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Miss Sutherland of Elizabeth, N. J., and Miss Broderick of Victoria, B.C., who have just returned from the Paris Exposition, are making a short visit at Mr. John McGurn's, Cawthra place.

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Mrs. Webster and Mrs. Calder of New York have been visiting during the past week at Mr. L. Beemer's, Carlton street.

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Miss Kathleen Kerr of Sherbourne street has returned from a two months' sojourn in Winnipeg. She is accompanied by her sister, who will visit her old home for a short time.

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On Tuesday evening last a merry party of ladies and gentlemen, numbering about twenty, left the residence of Mr. J. D. King, Elmvale, Jarvis street, bent on having a good time, the Eagle House, Weston, being the objective point. The conveyance was a handsome tally-ho coach. Mr. J. S. King, who organized the affair, managed the ribbons of the four-in-hand with a grace and ease that excited the envy of the gentlemen and the admiration of the ladies, and ever and anon the shrill notes of the echoing horn, in the hands of Mr. Gianelli, told of the approach of the tally-ho and its gay party. It was a beautiful moonlight evening, and after a very enjoyable drive over roads in splendid condition, the party drew up at Weston at 9, where a supper awaited them, which received that considerate attention which a two hours' drive ensures. The company then adjourned to the ball-room and dancing was indulged in with an enjoyment utterly unknown to more formal entertainments. A very pleasant feature of the evening was the introduction of some of the better known figures of the German. Among the party were the following ladies and gentlemen: Mrs. Wilbur of New York, Mrs. Britton, Miss Cartwright of Poughkeepsie, Miss Hees, Miss Ida Gray, Miss Rogers of Brooklyn, Miss Gianelli, Miss Eakin, Miss McLellan of New York and Miss Longhi of Brooklyn, Messrs. King, Candee, Rose, Hees, Capon, Morse, Brayley and Widdowson. Mr. King is to be congratulated on the happy manner in which all the arrangements were carried out, and the visiting ladies in whose honor the entertainment was arranged will long remember it as one of the most pleasant reminders of their visit to Toronto. The success of the party, as in all such cases, was largely due to the efforts of the chaperons, and in every respect Mrs. Wilbur and Mrs. Britton discharged this pleasant duty with a grace and tact that left nothing to be desired.

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On Wednesday of last week a quiet marriage was solemnized at 47 Widmer street, the residence of the bride's mother, between Miss Maggie Harvey King, daughter of the late Mr. W. S. King of Ingersoll, and Mr Robert N. Ball, barrister of Woodstock, the Rev. Geo. Cuthbertson officiating. Only relatives and immediate friends of the family were present, amongst whom were Rev. Dr. King of Winnipeg, Mr and Mrs. King of Sarnia, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Baines of Hamilton, Miss Shaw, Miss Lister, Miss Brown, Mr. Randall, Mr. Noxery. At the conclusion of the ceremony the newly wedded couple left for Chicago, and will make a short tour of the principal American cities before returning. The presents were numerous and exceedingly handsome.

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Mrs. S. E. Gregory of Hamilton and her daughter, Miss Helen Emma Gregory, B. A., Mus. Bac., Trinity University, Toronto, are visiting Montreal. Mrs. Gregory is the general treasurer of the Woman's Auxiliary to the Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions of the Church of England in Canada, and visits Montreal for the purpose of attending the meetings of the Synod of the Church of England.

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Mr. and Mrs. J. Gray Gibson have returned from Europe and have taken up their residence at 5 Grange road. Mrs. Gibson will receive on Wednesdays.

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Sir John and Lady Macdonald were in town this week in connection with the opening of the Exhibition and returned to Ottawa by the 8.45 train Tuesday evening. Lady Macdonald looked charming in a pale gray traveling suit and small gray bonnet. The trimmings of white lent added delicacy to the toilette, while the pretty soft gray hair framed a face of intellectual sweetness. She carried in her hand a bouquet of exquisite roses, presented by Mrs. E. King Dodds. "She was," said a lady in speaking of her, "most affable, and her pretty English accent gives a charm to her conversation."

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Miss Euphemia Smith, daughter of Dr. Andrew Smith, has returned to Toronto, having spent two years in Germany completing her education. Miss Smith will be a charming addition to society circles this winter.

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A very pleasant event took place on Wednesday last, when the staff of the Imperial Bank of Canada took advantage of the occasion of Mr. W. A. Weir's approaching marriage to present him with a token of their appreciation and regard, in the shape of a handsome dinner set and a case of silver mounted carvers. In the evening a large party of Mr Weir's friends met at the Granite Club and tendered him a dinner, at which congratulations and good wishes for himself and his future bride continued to be the order of the day. After the usual loyal toasts had been honored, that of The Guest was received with highland honors, a piper being in attendance to commemorate the birth-place and early home of the guest of the evening. Canada and its Commercial Interests was responded to by Mr. J. Castell Hopkins, and followed by numerous songs and speeches by Messrs. McKay of the Bank of British North America, J. H. Eddis, Forrest, Laughton, Hughes, Frank Eddis, Douglas, Arkell, McKenzie and others. Banking and the Legal Professions was appropriately dealt with by Messrs. Capreol, Thornton and Kapelle. Altogether an exceedingly pleasant evening was spent, the Chairman (Mr. Hay) and the Vice-Chairman (Mr. Pyke), who himself entered the ranks of the benedicts but a short time ago, having contributed considerably to the result.

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Mrs. D. Grant and Miss Kate Hay of Isabella street have returned home after a pleasant trip to the seaside.

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Miss M. Radford, well-known to Montreal musical critics, left Vancouver last week to start an academy of music for the Board of Foreign Missions in Japan.

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Miss Agnes Law, the talented elocutionist, will give entertainments in Association Hall on Thursday and Friday evenings, September 19 and 20. She is well-spoken of by a number of Scotch papers and also by those of this city. Miss Law's clear rich voice, her expressive gesture, her distinct and easy articulation and graceful presence have been highly praised. Her rendition is thoroughly natural, and she throws her whole soul into the characters she impersonates. Many of her selections are quite new in Toronto, calling for varied powers.

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The recent trip of the Cunard steamship Etruria, westward, was made in six days and one hour.

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Mr. and Mrs. J. Ross Robertson sail to-day (Saturday) from New York by the Cunard steamship Etruria for England.

Out of Town.

BARRIE.

Last Saturday afternoon a number of ladies and gentlemen drove out to Mrs. Ralkes' residence, where a few pleasant hours were spent. It being their regular tennis day, those who went prepared to play enjoyed some good games.

There was an At Home last Thursday night; will probably give an account of it in next week's issue.

Bishop Sweatman was in town last week, and was the guest of Rev. Wm. Reiner, at the rectory.

Miss B. Sanford spent a few days recently with friends at Georgina.

Mr. Ernest Kortright of the Bank of Toronto, Cobourg, is spending his holidays at Tolendale, across the bay.

Mr. and Mrs. McKeggie have returned from Orchard Beach.

On Monday, September 9, Miss Teetie Mason of Harr Hall gave an afternoon tea for some of her young friends. The weather being delightful added greatly to the success of the afternoon as most of the time was spent on the lawn, rustic seats had been placed in shady nooks, also a tent, so with the pretty costumes and merry faces the grounds presented quite a gay appearance. Those present whom I noticed, were: Miss Edith Spotton, Miss May Buchan of Toronto, Miss Kathleen McCarthy, Miss Katie Boys, Miss Bertha Holmes, Miss Nellie Thomson, Miss Mollie Plummer of Toronto, Miss Nannie Baker, the Misses Henderson, Miss Fleming, Misses Annie and Georgie McConkey, Miss Jeannette George of Boston and the Misses Daisy and Lucy Rogerson.

Mr. Harry Ralkes, who has been spending a few months at home, left for the North-West a few days ago.

Mrs. R. Barwick and child of Toronto, who have been spending part of the summer at Rock Forest, returned to the city last week.

Mrs. Hanbidge and her two children of Ogdensburg, who have been on a visit at Sunnyside, have returned home again.

Mr. E. Mitchell of the Bank of Commerce has returned to town again after enjoying a fortnight's holidays.

Mr. F. Norman spent last Sunday in Toronto.

OCULAIRE.

PETERBORO'

On Monday, September 9, a small party of canoeists spent a very pleasant evening on the Lake, paddling under the lingering light of the harvest moon. When landing was suggested, there seemed to be some difficulty in getting the canoes together, but when, at last, the boat, Mr. J. J. Lundy, succeeded in piloting all safely to shore (his grounds being at that part beautifully terraced down to the lake), an adjournment to the house was made, where dancing was indulged in, and a very pleasant evening spent.

Miss Maggie McDonald, who has been staying with Miss Lundy, has returned to Toronto.

A pleasant affair took place in Mr. Leister's house, Lakefield, on Tuesday evening. A party of young people from Peterboro' drove out and sounds of revelry might have been heard for miles. This was Mr. Leister's farewell party before leaving for Manitoba. The music, under the direction of Mr. John Butcher of Peterboro', was so excellently rendered that the dance went on with joy was unconfined till 4 o'clock a.m., Wednesday. Among the giddy throng were Miss McDonald of Toronto, Mrs. Frank Hall, Miss Lundy, Miss Halliday, Miss Beck, Miss Smith, Miss E. Smith, Miss Hatton, Mr. MacDonnell, Mr. Hayes, Mr. Gower, Mr. Parker, Mr. Hailliday, and Mr. Shaw of Peterboro'.

BELLEVILLE.

St. Thomas' Church was the scene of a very interesting wedding on Wednesday, September 4, at noon, when Miss Janet Glass was married to Rev. C. H. Anderson of Beachburg, Ont. Rev. J. W. Burke performed the ceremony. Mrs. Campbell presided at the organ and gave a wedding march with her usual brilliant execution. Mr. W. H. Biggar was the very efficient usher. The bridesmaids were Miss Biggar, Miss Alma Caswell and Miss Margaret Smart. Rev. Mr. Bennetts acted as groomsman. The bride's costume was a very pretty and becoming one of gray henrietta cloth, with bonnet to match. The altar was beautifully decorated with flowers for the occasion. Most of the prominent families in town were represented, either as guests or as spectators. After the ceremony and hearty congratulations from numerous friends, the happy couple left for the station, where they took the train for the east. The presents were numerous and costly. Mrs. Anderson will be greatly missed in church circles here, she was always an enthusiastic and indefatigable worker. The parish of Beachburg is to be congratulated.

Mrs. B. S. Willson has returned from Toronto. Miss Hattie Willson and Mrs. Hayter Read are on their way to Banff.

Miss Emily Chandler has returned from her visit to Peterboro.

Dr. A. Elliott has returned from Trenton, where he has been taking the practice of Dr. McLellan, during that gentleman's absence at Banff.

Miss Mary H. Keegan, formerly of Belleville, is visiting Mons. and Madame De L'Aubinieres of Montreal, at their former home, Maillebois, in the most beautiful part of France. Miss Keegan is resting there, preparatory to her return to Canada.

Mr. E. L. Morton of the Trust and Loan Co., Toronto, has been visiting his relatives at Sidney Cottage.

Miss Helen Gimberson has gone to Europe for a long visit to relatives.

Rev. Dr. George and wife are in Ireland. They will be home in about ten days.

Miss Pattullo of Woodstock is the guest of the Misses Biggar.

Our popular young bicyclist, Mr. W. Lingham, has gone to join his brother in California.

Mr. and Mrs. Grannum of Barbadoes are at Mrs. Job Lingham's.

Mrs. McLeod of Ottawa is the guest of the Misses Murray, Adjidanmo.

Good Words From Afar.

A correspondent in Little Rock, Ark., writes the following: While remitting my subscription allow me to thank you for the promptness with which I receive my SATURDAY NIGHT every Monday morning, not so bad for a delivery nearly 1,500 miles away. Your paper has become quite a favorite among my friends here, and its advocacy of a summer carnival on an extended scale for next year is noted and I am sure that Little Rock would be well represented, for the summer resort with the most attractions is the one for the Southerner.

May you always fight against annexation, for while there are many good points to be gained, our system of government is undoubtedly ahead of the one this side the line. I have taken pains to inquire the reason of there being comparatively few manufactories here in the South, and find that the local manufacturers are effectually cut off owing to the production of the large cities in the North and East. The same would undoubtedly be the case, but to a lesser degree, were Canada dragged into annexation with the States.

There would certainly be no fear of that occurring were Canadians more of the mind of a friend of mine who wrote me from Toronto last year. He said he had traveled over two continents and came home satisfied with Toronto, and remarked that the sooner Canadians began to think that Toronto—not Boston—was the "hub" of the universe the better for Canada.

Of course the point was a trifle "drawn," but the proper feeling was there.

Could send you some interesting society gossip were your paper of the "Darktown" order, for the "coon" portion of the community is most amusing. We in the North don't know what a nigger is; one must see him in almost African wildness to appreciate his fine points.

Looking forward to the continuance of that promptness I spoke of and wishing your paper all success, I remain,

Yours respectfully,

J. D. BAILEY.

A Highly Abstruse Problem.

An esteemed correspondent has propounded to us a problem which involves a question in finance far too deep for our penetration. He says: "A man arrived at El Paso, Tex., with a silver dollar in his pocket. He goes into a saloon, buys a drink and gets in change a Mexican dollar, which is worth eighty-five cents down there. He crosses the bridge into Mexico, gets a drink over there, plunks down his Mexican dollar and gets in change a United States dollar, which is worth only eighty-five cents over there. In this manner he crosses back and forth until he has taken $10.05 worth of whisky, and still has his dollar in his pocket. Now, what I want to know is, who pays for his drinks?" We should be pleased to answer our correspondent if we could, but the fact is, we have had so very little experience in the matter of buying drinks, we don't know where to begin on this problem. If the man on the border had oscillated between buying Bibles in El Paso and prayer books in Mexico we might have had ground to stand on while we did our fighting, but when it comes to mashing $10.05 worth of mixed El Paso and Mexican whisky surging through a man's anatomy, we find ourselves dazed and bewildered beyond the arithmetic stage.—*Washington Post.*

His Reputation.

Hopwood—Knox, did I ever tell you the story about the judge and his coon dog?

Knox—I don't remember. Was it a good one?

Hopwood—Yes, a mighty good story.

Knox—Then you never told it to me.

LATEST WALTZES

FOR YOU—on Sydney Smith's Song ... (*May Outlere*) 60c
FIDDLE AND I—on Goodeve's Song .... (*O-to Roeder*) 60c
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The Dressmaking Department is worthy of notice also, being under able management.

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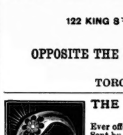
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TORONTO.
High Grade Non-Magnetic Swiss & American WATCHES
Gold and Silver—Wholesale and Retail

To the Woods.

HOLLY FERN.

Ah girls, there's something of the sadness of a funeral march about our tramp to day!

Imperial autumn dons her gold and purple, and smiles most gracious greeting; but for all her glory we can't forget that summer's dead, though her grave be hid by flowers.

Well, let us not grumble. Though the year's best be behind us, there's many a sunny day before us still, and wealth and to spare of beauty.

Gold and purple, purple and gold; the imperial colors meet us everywhere. Purple the vervain and gerardias, purple the Michaelmas daisy "bossed with gold," purple of many a varying shade—the fast coming asters, purple, though of a paler tint; the lingering bergamot; and purple still, though paler yet, the tiny flowers of false pennyroyal, wild marjorum and heal-all.

And for gold we have the jewel-weed and yellow flag; the wild sun flowers, cone-flowers, false foxglove, pond-weed, and all the long array of golden rods. But "for a' that and a' that" there is something lacking:

"The woods are hushed; their music is no more."

And no such glad acclaim of happy birds greets Autumn's coming as thrilled the hearts of spring and summer. The grasshoppers alone—and they not in the woods but in the browning fields beyond them——

"Sing their incessant song of sun and summer."

For but a little longer will pretty black eyed Susan (the coneflower) smile on us from her bower. Already the bright beauty that won our hearts a month ago shows the harsh touch of Time, and she looks languid and *passee*. The little wild flax, too, that wears her livery, will leave us when she goes. But the sunflower blooms on in undiminished glory nor cares whether her home be hill or dell so the sun's glance find her.

Like, yet unlike, we find them side by side, at first glance scarce notice any difference; but a second reveals how well the deeper tint of yellow in the cone flower harmonizes with the beautiful purplish brown of cone-like centre from which it takes its name.

Can you remember having ever seen the bluebells so late? They began to bloom in the end of June, yet here they are still, growing prettier too with age—(what is their secret, I wonder)—for their hue is deeper, lovelier than of old,

"Blue, blue, as if the sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall,"

and while in those early days but one or two bells hung from a stem, a perfect chime now often swings there.

What in the world have you found down there? Something white! yes, I see, but I can't guess what it is at this distance. Oh, now I know, it's the moly. Don't you remember how Circe's spells fell harmless on Ulysses because he held a "sprig of moly" in his hand? I fancy no man so armed need fear the wiles of any fair, fastidious woman.

Smell it. Now you can understand Ulysses' cunning, can't you? It is the wild garlic, the criminal responsible for the disgusting leeky taste on milk and butter in the spring, for the cattle are passionately fond of its glossy, succulent leaves and benefit largely by them. I wonder how it happens to be blooming so late, for it generally blossoms about the beginning of August and then its leaves die down. I fancy our cool summer has kept many a flower with us beyond its usual time.

It that a leaf, fluttering down? So soon! Only the beginning of September, and already autumn's touch is visible, where the strawberry leaves show red among the dull, dry grass, and the mandrakes all spotted and yellow, lie prone between the ferns.

That's the false foxglove. Through what a marvelous variety of shading yellow contrives to run. When I saw it at a little distance, I fancied it the evening primrose—the height of the two plants is so much alike—yet when you hold the flowers together, each seems as different in color from the other as both are from all the sun-flower, jewel weeds and golden rods in your hand.

FALSE FOXGLOVE.

Why is it called false foxglove? I don't know. I fancy, though, because of a certain similarity between the shape of its blossoms and those of the true one; but while the bells of that hang down, these are up. They differ, too, in color, those of the real or European plant being purple. We have some lovely purple gerardias. The false foxglove is a gerardia you know—which approach it more nearly in this particular.

What is it good for? Nay, I don't know. I've never heard any especial virtue attributed to it. Being so very pretty I think we may be content to say as Browning does of a certain lovely face:

"Be its beauty
Its sole duty,"

and if we are compelled with him to follow it by:

"Let all hope of grace beyond lie there."

Well, surely beauty alone is enough to be grateful for—in a flower.

They say botanists recognize over one hundred thousand flowering plants; yet of these only about three hundred are known to be of any direct use or importance to man, or are at all indispensable to him. Of the others, some no doubt will eventually be found available to his needs. But of the vast majority of that remaining 99,700 who shall express to us the *raison d' etre*, or why a glory outshining Solomon's should be bestowed on them? Had not we better turn back, girls? No, not tired; but the silence of the woods oppresses me. I think we've seen no living thing except the little brown toads since we entered them. Besides, its getting late; those long, level shafts of light tell how low the sun is. It will take us a good while to get to the shore, and the twilights are short now.

You are certainly lucky to-day, first the moly and now an orchid; for though this is the usual flowering time of the yellow-fringed orchid, and this wet, sandy spot its fitting haunt, yet I have not found it for many years. There's another one, the pretty white-fringed orchid, much commoner.

How lovely it is here on the beach. Sky and bay and circling shore all wrapped in one rose-purple flush through which the moon shows dull and pale; ere we reach home she will hang like a golden crescent against the velvety blackness of the sky. D. B.

The Muskoka Mosquito.

Fashion Chatter.

DEAR MOLLIE,—Bless her heart—the woman who in all the details of her dress is neat. I presume you'll imagine that I've taken upon myself the responsibility of preaching, but that sentence was only the wasted echo of a sentiment which has been ruling me all day. I see so many girls who have nice dresses, but a button off; pretty gloves with a rip in the side; and, oh, horror of horrors, stockings with holes in. A collar, to my mind, is a badge of ladyhood; its absence an indication of slovenliness. A certain girl used to come to school very often with nothing inside or outside the band of her dress, and I think of her whenever I see a collarless woman.

There, I've eased my mind on that subject. I know you'll forgive me for the rather heated paragraph, and I'll promise to talk fashion to the end. Of course you know what an utter collapse has taken place. I mean the emancipation of womankind from the tyranny—absolute tyranny of the bustle. Don't defend it; don't speak kindly of it; don't wear it. One can grow accustomed to any style of dress; and if any one sensible woman had enough energy of mind to vote the thing a nuisance and discard it, let us all follow her example, and enjoy the liberty.

The wholesale manufacturers of sealskin sacques were in a quandary some little time ago when the vexed question—the "to be or not to be" of the bustle—came up for discussion. Of course its being discarded would affect the style of cutting the sealskins; and some refused to believe that it would disappear, while others felt sure its reign was over. The result is, that half the sacques are cut for bustles; half to wear without any.

But, you say, "people do wear bustles yet." Certainly they do, but fashion papers toll their death-knell; and the newest and most stylish American dresses I have seen during the past week, were absolutely without reeds, pad, or anything of the kind. Bless them—the bustles—but keep them out of style; and let us have a chance to lean back in a chair with some comfort.

Do you like tan shoes? To me they increase the size of the foot, without being the least bit pretty to atone for that unpardonable offence. White gloves have always apparently enlarged the size of hands; but then white gloves are pretty and dainty, and—expensive on account of their daintiness.

Armure silk is the new one of which we read and hear so much. It is rather pretty, with a wide cord—something like a gros-grain with the cord flattened out. It ranges in price from a dollar fifteen to four dollars, so can be used for all purposes.

Bengaline is a heavily corded material, called silk, though wool enters into its composition. It is very rich-looking, but almost without gloss.

Royal silk is, to my mind, the prettiest, though I fancy one would tire of it. Its little honey-comb, meshed surface renders it novel; and it will divide the honor of popular favor, pretty equally, I think, with the newer armure. Chinese silk has been worn to death, and it does seem such a pity, for it was cool, and draped so prettily.

I saw a very stylish hat to day in a milliner's window. It was a black straw—walking-shape, and a band of black velvet the width of the crown, a cluster of black ribbon loops at the back, with a black wing on either side of the loops, completed the trimming of a hat which I admired for its simple and yet decidedly elegant effect. A pretty cover for a small table is made of a square of plush bordered with a brocade in the same shade, and lined with satin of any prettily contrasting color. Crimson plush lined with maize satin would be rich looking, while maize plush lined with sea or apple green would be especially dainty. Your sincere friend,

CLIP CAREW.

Who Wants $200

without cost or charge? Lever Bros., manufacturers of Sunlight Soap (largest sale in the world), offer $200 for ten guesses. See particulars on card boxes of Sunlight Soap, or ask your grocer to explain. The trade can obtain information by addressing Lever Bros., Toronto. Sunlight Soap has just obtained a gold medal at the Paris Exhibition.

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The bankrupt stock of F. Qua & Co., 49 King Street West, consisting of Toys, Games, Books, Fancy Goods, etc., has been removed to

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and will be disposed of at great reductions. Camp Beds, Tennis, Racquets, Balls, Nets and Shoes, Boxing Gloves, Fishing Tackle, etc., in great variety.

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CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST
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ORIGINAL SIZE **75c** FULL STRENGTH
Why pay $1 for ordinary Beef, Iron and Wine when you can save 25 per cent. and get the improved Beef, Iron and Cocoa Wine? Recommended by physicians and sold by all the leading druggists.
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RELIABLE GOODS ONLY
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PORTS, SHERRIES, NATIVES
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Persons buying Hair Goods please remember this: You can buy here cheaper goods, more becoming styles and better qualities than from any other dealer in the Dominion.
Hair Goods of all kinds. Frontpieces, Bangs, Waves, Switches, Wigs, Toupees, &c., &c. Hair Ornaments of every description.
Fine Toilet Articles, Perfumes, &c., &c.
DORENWEND'S
Paris Hair Works and Beautifying Bazaar
103 and 105 Yonge Street

AS THE FASHION

Of wearing the hair low is universally adopted in Europe and the United States, the consequence is that the ladies require more hair to look well under the hat or bonnet. Ladies can find everything they require to fill out the coiffure as Switches, Puffs, Curls, etc., at
ARMAND'S HAIR STORE
Wigs, Waves, all styles of Bangs and Pompadours, Gentlemen's Wigs and Toupees, etc. Hair Watch Chains made to order. Ladies Hairdressing, Cutting and Singeing and Shampooing. Hair dyed in ten different colors; special appointment to be made. Price, per bottle Hair Dye, $1.50 and $3. Best Hair Dye in the World to be had at
ARMAND'S HAIR STORE
407 Yonge Street 407
Close to Y. M. C. A. Building, Toronto.

PRACTICAL BUSINESS EDUCATION

FALL TERM RE-OPENS SEPTEMBER 2
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EARLY FALL GOODS
W. A. MURRAY & CO.
Have now opened 550 cases of British and Foreign Novelties for the Early Fall Trade, consisting of Silks, Velvets, Plushes, French Dress Goods, Fancy Flannels, Lace Goods, Dress Trimmings, Fancy Ribbons, Mantles, Jackets, Ulsters, Wraps, Children's Mantles, Cloakings, Shawls, Skirts, Corsets, Children's Dresses and Fancy Goods of every description.
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and will quote them at reduced prices during September. Our Illustrated Catalogue, containing over 100 cuts of different styles of Fur Garments, mailed free on application.
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YATISI YATISI
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This is the most perfect-fitting and comfortable corset in the market.
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For all kinds of Flat Roofs.
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For Cellar Bottoms, Sidewalks, Breweries, Stables, etc., etc.
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H. S. MORISON & CO
218 YONGE STREET
HAVE OPENED OUT SOME VERY CHOICE
Pattern Mantles, Cloaks, Street Jackets, &c.
In the leading Paris, London and New York designs. Immense and well-assorted stock to choose from.
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FRENCH FOULIES, PARISIAN COMBINATION SUITINGS, FINE BROADCLOTHS for Tailor-made Suits, HERMITTAS, CORDELLETTES, AMAZON CLOTHS, &c., in great variety.
Fine Silk Fringes---Fringe Fronts, Panels, &c.
(The prevailing style for the coming season.)
Visitors to the Exhibition should not leave the city without inspecting our stock
DRESS AND MANTLE-MAKING OUR SPECIALTY

FIRST HALF OF A TWO-PART STORY.

Miss Carnegie's Companion

When Miss Carnegie, daughter of Michael Carnegie, the great Glasgow shipowner, and reputed heiress to his many thousands, arrived at the end of her second London season, it was found that she was entirely out of health.

She was a pale, dreamy, sweet-faced, yellow-haired Scotch lassie, whose greatest charm, after her large fortune, was her simplicity, or rather call it an open, guileless trustfulness of nature, which, knowing no evil in itself, looked for none in others. The worldly Lady Byrelands, who had convoyed her through the unknown perils of her voyage round Society, owned at parting from the girl that she had completely won her affection. She thought she knew a great deal about girls, but this one was beyond her. She had no affectations, no pettes, no jealousies. She never thought about her money, beyond knowing in a general kind of way that it was there, and that it acted as the ballast by means of which she, the ship owner's heiress, might float on an'even keel down the broad world stream side by side with the biggest and most brazen vessels of Fashion.

And now here she was at the close of her second season in town, greatly improved in manner and style, but sadly deteriorated as to health and bloom. The tonics prescribed by the great doctors did no good. She had lost nerve for riding, and could not play tennis. Even the pure airs of her native Stirling brought no color back to her wan cheek. Her father was pitifully anxious about her. Her mother had died of consumption at very little more than Effie's age. Her lover—for the sweet, innocent, unpretending young heiress had secured the affections of the biggest "catch" of the season, a certain Sir Felix Orford, whose six foot three inches of handsome, happy, titled manhood had been an object of fond contention over which match-making dowagers quarrelled, willing widows sighed sentimentally, and unmated damsels pined in vain—her lover, who really loved her and not her millions—was inconsolable. They sat together on the mossy lawn of the old stone house where her first breath had been drawn, and silently watched the sunset dying over the autumn-tinted Campsie Fells, and as Sir Felix, warned by the chiller breath of the Scottish twilight, leant toward her to draw the white fleecy shawl she wore more closely about her shoulders, Effie Carnegie suddenly burst into tears.

"I don't want to die, Felix," she sobbed on her lover's breast, over and over again; "now that I have you, dear, and life seems so much brighter, why must I give everything up! This place does me no good, beautiful as it is; I am getting weaker every day. Help me! Think for me—I do not see any way to save me. I will not die—I cannot die!"

Then she broke into a terrible fit of coughing, and the pale lips that parted for breath were by and by stained with blood.

Then the doctors spoke of sea air, and recommended a yachting cruise on the Mediterranean for the daughter of Michael Carnegie. They did not deny that her chance of recovery was a poor one. The fell disease had made terrible progress in a few weeks. Effie Carnegie looked like the pale ghost or astra of her once bright self.

Old Michael Carnegie jumped at the chance, small as it was. A sea voyage! Why had nobody thought of it before? His daughter should go—not in a yacht, a mere piddling thing! There should be something thicker than a deal plank between his Effie and the storms that blew—if any blew at all; the contrary was devoutly to be wished. There was a handsome clipper merchant schooner lying at that moment in the West India Docks, teak built, copper sheathed, 700 tons measurement, and classed A 1. She was a notoriously fast sailer, her passages were on record, and her present condition capital. She was thoroughly overhauled and fitted with every luxury, and Effie should sail in her. He would take a holiday for once; money making from year's end to year's end was wearisome, and Effie should come—Effie would never consent to leave her lover behind, and what for not? If the presence of another lady was imperatively needed, there was the dowager, who had for two years guarded Miss Carnegie so zealously and well. Properly could find nothing to cavil at in that arrangement.

But the dowager, writing from the irreproachable seclusion of her rooms in Hampton Court, begged to be excused. She had abhorred the sea on principle, but it invariably disagreed with her. And the two dear daughters of Benjamin Sladgwick, M.P., the wealthy chartist, were pledged to make their entree into society under her sheltering wing in the ensuing winter. Her dear Carnegie—to whom she was much indebted for the handsome check received in acknowledgment of her small services to their sweet girl—must really excuse her. A companion—some nice, quiet, well-bred lady, maiden or otherwise, possessing social attributes and an unlimited capacity for nursing, was the person required by her dear friend, and, oddly enough, the very thing was to be had. The not-too young widow of an officer in the East Indian Army, well connected, amiability educated, and, by all accounts, the best of creatures; unfortunately disfigured by small pox, contracted during her residence abroad, and slightly lame fro a sabre cut, long healed, but, always excepting personal appearance, everything that could be desired. Mr. Carnegie took the dowager's letter to his daughter. Miss Carnegie, always shrink n by a sense of physical ugliness or deformity, had become, since her illness, more sensitive than ever. She pushed the letter away from her in a pettish outburst of temper. "Love c o ed up for months on end in a vessel with a monster of ugliness such as he represents! I won't do it—I can't do it!" Her father represented that the presence of Sir Felix would furnish her with a picturesque object, whose constant contemplation might be relied on to obviate the unpleasant necessity of looking at the estimable military widow with the unavoidable scars on her pock-marked skin. Miss Carnegie was obdurate. "A companion, if you like; but, for heaven's sake, not an old or ugly one. Let me forget my own thin cheeks and pale face in the contemplation of something that is better worth looking at." Mr. Carnegie gave in, and directed his London solicitor to look out for the necessary article, by the next post.

The solicitor, who was a well-known man of business, with a wealthy landed aristocracy connection amongst the aristocracy, replied in due course. Among his earlier clients had been remembered a gentleman of fortune and position, whose unhappy passion for the stage had brought about the dissipation of his means and his own reduction to poverty. Marrying somewhat late in life, and undoubtedly beneath him, he had raised the last barrier between himself and his family, who utterly refused to recognize the fact of his existence. His wife dying in a year or two, left him with an infant daughter, and his own death occurring recently, had left the estimable solicitor in the position of guardian to the young lady, and co-trustee of the last outward and visible sign of the handsome property once owned by her father. The solicitor's ward was fitted by education and capacity to assume the duties of companion; the solicitor's ward was guaranteed by Nature exactly adapted in a photograph forwarded with her guardian's letter—to possess the necessary attractions. Need it be hinted that the solicitor's ward was engaged and that little more than a month ensued before the clipping schooner, thoroughly overhauled, victualled, manned by a picked crew, and commanded by one of the smarte t captains in the service of Carnegie and Carnegie, Shipowners and Merchants, had slipped the waters of the Clyde from her clean cut bows, left the Channel far behind her and shaking out all her billows of white canvas before a steady summer draught, made sail for Gibraltar. *en route* for the Mediterranean.

The effect of the change upon the invalid girl was for the first few days, very conspicuous, during which she had been prostrated by seasickness, she rallied, and grew brighter and more hopeful day by day. Her father was her willing slave, her handsome young lover was devoted to her—her companion ministered to her invalid wants and wishes with tender womanly care. Her manners were charming—Miss Carnegie's exacting taste was gratified to the utmost by her personal appearance, and the fastidious ear of Sir Felix, an amateur of music in its highest sense, was alternately charmed and soothed by her interpretation of the works of the classical masters of harmony during the long pleasant evenings in the softly-lit cabin, when the washing of the water along the side, the voices of the sky-larking sailors or the flap of a sail deserted by the fickle westerly breeze, were the only outward sounds that broke in and mingled with the music. Then she played draughts with Mr. Carnegie, who liked the game, or talked softly to the broad-shouldered, modest young skipper, whose shyness in the presence of the all-powerful Michael Carnegie and his pale daughter kept him perpetually silent unless when questioned about the ship's course, the probabilities of the weather, or the nationality of a passing vessel.

She was tall and graceful, with a full, lithe figure, a warm brown skin, and masses of fine, tasteless black hair swept up above her low broad forehead and from the nape of her neck and gathered into a great coil on the crown of her head. Her eyes were grey, with long, black lashes, and her lips were faintly red, like two half-withered moss-rose buds. Her features were cleanly cut, and of no particular type, the imperious curve of the arched black brows being contradicted by the upward turn of the sensitive nose, and the suggestion of weakness conveyed by this feature, and in the delicate, tremulous lifted upper lip, very strangely at variance with the masculinity of the lower lip and chin and the square lines of the upper jaw, with the columnar throat upon which the beautiful head was so lightly poised. Miss Brinnilow—that was her name—had no reason to complain of her lot. Her position was from the first more allied to the position of a favored guest than that of a paid companion. Her refined and clinging nature of the girl had found support and womanly sympathy where it needed it most. Miss Carnegie became more attached to her dear Linda every day.

To begin with, Linda's wardrobe was insufficiently supplied. With a little alteration, dresses of dainty cambric, embroidered batiste, softly draped foulard, or silver-tint serge and Bannockburn—that had originally been made for the wealthy heiress—adapted themselves exquisitely to Miss Brinnilow's tall, beautifully-rounded figure. Smart sailor hats, that had overshadowed the pale forehead where the lines of weary suffering were scarcely hidden by soft waves of golden hair, now lent additional piquancy to Miss Brinnilow's magnificent dark eyes, and threw a softening shadow upon the firm curves of her chin and throat. Rings that had grown too large for Effie's thin fingers found their new under protest to the shabby little jewel case that had contained little else but a battered locket with a portrait in it of a young man who bore no resemblance to the bereaved sister who cherished his effigy so tenderly. Mr. Waterlow, the solicitor who had discovered this pearl of companions, had indeed mentioned that she was an only child—sole pledge of her father's unhappy marriage, but he might well have been mistaken, thought Effie, and there was no reason why dear Linda should not have had a brother. There were one or two other things in that little Mother box besides the portrait of Linda's poor brother and Miss Carnegie's trinkets and brooches. One was a wedding ring, her poor mother's, Miss Brinnilow would have said if anyone had questioned her. And she would have been at a loss to account for the comparatively recent date engraved inside the broad gold band if the questioner had succeeded to examine it. But the shabby little case had a Bramah lock, and the key hung on Linda's new watch-guard—the handsome gold one that dear Effie had bought her at Malta. To this Mr. Carnegie had added a watch, having sturdily refused to patronize any but an English watch, and Felix had contributed some pretty charms and amulets in the shape of crayfish, seahorses with flexible tails, mandolins, and other of the dainty, expensive trifles to be found in the shops of Maltese goldworkers. It cannot be denied that dear Linda was having a good time of it—a time such as seldom comes to any young person who eats the bread of paid companionship. The tears rose in her beautiful, dusky eyes when the dowager's letter was handed to her, and she cried outright that night in the seclusion of the daintily-draped and elegantly fitted berth that adjoined her own, and which was occupied by Miss Carnegie. Never had the lonely orphan known such happiness as had been hers in the course of the few short weeks spent on board the Anthea. Never—but here Miss Carnegie's Scotch maid sniffed incredulously as she hovered over her seated young mistress, hairbrush in hand, and Linda was fain to postpone the future expression of her gratitude to a more convenient time. Then kissing Effie affectionately she stole out of the cabin, tip toed past the recumbent figure of Mr. Carnegie, who, stretched out on one of the well-padded lockers, was snoring lustily after dinner sleep of a plethoric elderly gentleman, unsoothed by the companion, and gained the deck. The last rays of sunset had scarcely faded out of the sky, the great azure flowers of the Mediterranean deep blue overhead, a gentle breeze swelled the bellying canvas, and the course of the schooner was marked by a trail of phosphorescent fire. Spicy odors blew from the not-far-distant land. The twinkle of lights gleamed from distant villages nestling amongst olive groves, on rugged mountain sides, or perched upon steep sea walls, lapped by the starlit waters of the Mediterranean. The spell of twilight was upon everything. As the dark figure of the officer of the watch passed across the gangway, Sir Felix emerged from the shadow of the weather quarter, where he had been smoking, threw away his cigar, and joined Miss Carnegie's companion.

Linda had been reading to dear Effie, she said; but just seen her comfortably asleep, and run up on deck for a breath of fresh air. The young man and the girl sat down side by side, lifted on the long, slow heave of the swell that stirred the glassy bosom of the sea. Miss Brinnilow could talk well, and did on this occasion; the spirit of defiance, of dare-devilry that sometimes reared its head above the smooth amenities of her manner was more apparent on this evening than it had ever been before. She amused, interested, fascinated, repelled Sir Felix at one and the same moment. Her deep eyes gave back the starlight, the fine black tendrils of her hair, escaping from the crimson silk shawl she had thrown, gipsy fashion, about her head and shoulders, fluttered about her delicate, dusky temples and ears, and touched his cheek when he bent his head to listen to what she was saying—for with the laudable desire of not awakening Mr. Carnegie—they subdued their voices to a dangerously confidential tone. In a word, the young Guardsman had half-unconsciously been drawn into a violent flirtation with his invalid fiancee's attractive companion, and this was but one of the many tacitly-arranged meetings. He was not in love with Miss Brinnilow, at least he thought so; but if any other man had loved her, and shown it, he would have been jealous of that man. All the while Effie coughed and tossed in her berth below, wakeful with fever and the heat of the Southern night, and Mr. Carnegie slept the sleep of the just upon the cabin sofa, and the little dusky hand was drawn from his arm, Linda looked at him, smiling in the clear starlight, and wished him good night. She had already stayed too long, she said. Then as he took the proffered hand in silence with words rushing to his lips that his better nature kept him from uttering—for in word, at least, he had not been disloyal to his poor, pale love—an arm was thrown around his neck, a pair of burning lips were pressed to his own in the wild abandonment of a passionate kiss. And even as he tried to clasp the temptress she slipped from him and vanished down the companion-way, and Felix, standing under the starry midnight sky with the blood surging in his veins and his heart beating loudly, knew that he was a villain and a fool.

He did not love her—no!—he did not love her, though some witchery about her drugged his senses and mastered his will when she was near. Effie was a thousand times dearer to him. She might never live to call him husband, it was true. She had offered him the freedom when the character of her illness was first made known to her, saying that, even if she was spared, she would be better off than an invalid all the rest of her life—and he had refused his freedom.

In her suffering, in her weakness, the pure girl whom he had chosen for his own, had a stronger claim upon him than ever. He had been ready to devote his life to her, to spend his best years in attendance on her sick couch, if need be, and had been in a manner proud of the pure unselfish passion which raised him so much above the level of other men. And lo!—the flesh had risen and overcome the spirit, and he was so much worse than other men in that he had failed to carry out what he had undertaken to perform. He paced the deck till the stars died out and the sun rose, and crept guiltily to his berth as the long sleepy lashes of Miss Carnegie's companion were beginning to lift upon the morning. Linda's brow was quite unruffled as she poured out his breakfast coffee, her smile as sweet, her brow as clear as ever. And Felix remembered that kiss burned still upon his lips like fire. He watched her absently yet intently, and noted, with a feeling of half-dismay, that the jewelled beetle that clasped her collar at the throat he had once seen worn by Effie, and that the antique silver chatelaine that dangled by her side was a trinket Mr. Carnegie had picked up in Lisbon and given to his daughter. She took Effie's presents, and ate the bread of father and daughter, and deceived the one and betrayed the other! The old Adamic tendency to blame the woman was strong in Felix. He was righteously indignant with the fair-looking girl at her. But, when, Miss Carnegie's attention being diverted by some dish the steward handed her, and to which her father eagerly bent to help her—and Linda sent a quick glance, full of passionate meaning, full into the young man's eyes, accompanied with a quick gesture of half-smiling warning and repression—Felix grew scarlet and felt himself accomplice in a mean, mean deed. And when, finding herself alone with her betrothed by and-by, pale, pretty Effie gently hinted at the omission of his usual morning kiss, the conscience-stricken baron could have fallen at her feet and begged her pardon contritely. And after all, for what? A kiss! An idle love-passage in which he had not been the dominant spirit? Surely, there was little, nothing of it. Effie would laugh if he told her about it all. But though he made this assertion boldly to himself he did not give Miss Carnegie cause for hilarity by any such confession. It struck him that it would be better not.

The course was plain. The space of the vessel afforded no facilities for the exercise of the Delilah, who had ensnared him. He must go on meeting her as usual, only adopting towards her a cold, distant, polite, yet cold, stern repressiveness of manner which should effectually quench the latent sparks of passion he felt himself, with growing in the heart of this beautiful, misguided creature, had went on meeting Linda Brinnilow as usual, and found the task of being easy and natural less difficult than he had expected, for the unconsciousness seemed so complete. But the cold, repressive manner was a failure, I am bound to admit, though Felix tried it on several occasions, and so the weak young man abandoned himself to something that seemed like fate, and went on drifting, drifting passively with the tide, though the rapidly shoaling waters warned him of perils to come, and the roar of breakers sounded not far ahead.

The weather continued glorious, the sun flamed like a great jewel in the airless blue vault overhead; the planks of the schooner grew scorching to the touch; her bulwarks burnt the hand that touched it. Under this fierce ordeal of heat the little strength Miss Carnegie had derived from the voyage failed her. She became alarmingly ill. The necessity of obtaining medical assistance, of removing her from the close air of the cabin to a fresh atmosphere became apparent to her father. Another dozen hours of languid sailing, of stifling deck heat, and they lay at anchor in the port of Candia.

(To be Continued.)

A Revolution in American Society.

During the visit of that eminent English philosopher, Matthew Arnold, to this country, he studied society here in a liberal spirit and with great care, measuring the people from all sides, securing a far truer picture of them, I have no doubt, than the creature of the mob is able to draw for himself. Having ended his study of America he calmly assured us that we did not know how to live. Our men were sharp, extraordinarily energetic, and indubitably brilliant; our women were beautiful, vivacious and well-bred; but they did not know how to live. From this we infer that Mr. Arnold meant that Americans, as a rule, dash through life screwed up to a feverish pitch of nervous excitement, that they are ever alert for each iota of mercantile grain, that their minds concentrate upon the serious conflict of existence, and that they aligure to a very unwise, almost vulgar extent, the purification that rest and honest pleasures bring to the body and to the brain. And it was admitted, I think, by fair-minded people in this country that the Englishman made a thoroughly sensible deduction.

Mr. Matthew Arnold has been dead less than two years. Whether it is that his suggestion of a further possibility of the making of life a season of peace instead of incessant turmoil has been acted upon by society I can hardly say, but that a surprisingly sudden revulsion of habit has attacked the people is entirely apparent, and the wealthy families are found cultivating the methods of life that have long been so admirable in the English—the life of ease, idleness, and rural quietude. The American wanders through the deliciously green lands of Great Britain, where palaces rear their grand fronts over the fresh, free expanse of an open country, is frequently struck by the amazing advancement that the Englishman of means has made over the man of means in this country in the matter of mere bodily comfort. The English heart rebels at smoky streets and the scurry of trade. Even the grocer's clerk plunges out upon the unequalled Thames each Sunday and enjoys the delicious rest, the enjoyment the wherewithal to buy the beauties of pastoral existence as a steady experience is obtained the London tradesman selects his nest out among the undulate meadows, and settles down there with a murmur of comfort that is beautiful to hear. It is the disposition of his race to acquire just enough by which to command the luxuries of Nature herself, and scarcely a whit more.

Since the great philosopher told us how much the world contained that was persistently avoided by that portion of society that might easily enjoy all it wished, I observe a very surprising tendency among Americans to court the pleasures of a rural life. It is such a spasm away from the deep-rooted custom, that it seems strange to accord to the change to the firm slash at us given by the Englishman. Whereas, three years ago, the members of New York society passed about ten months of the year in their city residences, and the remaining two months in the country, they have quite reversed this order of living, and now the boards are up on scores of the houses here for over seven months in every twelve. This is a positive illustration of the sudden realization that as Tryingham, chairman of the first mark of Americans, and the example is bound to prove such a beneficent one that I feel it can be fairly instanced as a most important development of domestic common sense in the United States—a country that has ever been sneered at for its lack of repose and elegance.—*Town Topics.*

Betsey and I.

"Betsey and you are out!" Now there is the difference between your Betsey and mine! You thought her an angel; soft eyed, fair browed, white robed, she came to you as a vision. But gradually she became "more of life and less of dream," and now, in your wretched life of alternate dodging and pleading, she flying pans, chairs, and other choice bric-a brac, darken the air of the blessed precincts of home, you wonder at the transformation. Can you now have at your call with the jovial friends of auld lang syne? Not a bit of it! There is a chalk line drawn for you, and you will stop at home and walk in, while I lavish my dear spirit in the dog-house with me, which she does with alacrity, her brown face shining and her dark head bobbing. My Betsey is no beauty; her head is straight and bald, her ears are large and stiff; her face is broad, flat, and brown; but never shall I regret the day I selected her for my companion from behind the counter of a dingy little old shop, twenty years ago.

At home, abroad, wherever I go,
There Betsey's sure to be;
There I ever was a kinder friend
Than she has been to me.

Patiently she has roamed around the globe with me in a Bohemian life of scores of years, always cheering, always soothing when life seemed dreariest. Have I been tempted? She has whispered of the long, long ago until her voice lured me back to the gentle, loving admonitions from lips grown silent. Have I been anxious to do a thing, she has gone with me, urging Hero Comes, until her voice grew squeaky; and then, when defeat caused my banner to droop, she has comforted, cheered, strengthened, and encouraged me to try again.

How many confidences have I poured in her ear—tales of joy and sorrow! How many glad meetings and sad partings she has witnessed—her mood ever melting into mine! In prosperity or adversity, in gladness or sorrow, I shall never find a truer friend than my little old brown fiddle, Betsey.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

A Boomerang.

Judge—You're a brute to hit your father now that he's too old to protect himself.

Prisoner—Didn't he use to hit me when I was too young to protect myself!

The Girls Were With Him.

Jimpsy—How is your new minister getting on?

Jimpsy—The men don't like him.

Jimpsy—That doesn't matter. He's all right as long as the women like him.

A Beautiful Exposition.

Mr. Gaddy—I see there is great trouble about finding a good site for the fair?

Mr. Caddy—A good sight for the fair?

Mr. Gaddy—Yes.

Mr. Caddy—Well, what's the matter with me?

Hadn't Met the Lady.

A pleasant tale is told of an eminent divine who upon the occasion of a visit to New York was accosted by one of those delusive individuals popularly known as bunco steerers. The clergyman was walking in the neighborhood of Brooklyn bridge, and there was an air about him or his entire which to the experienced eye of the confidence man proclaimed him a

Illusive Health.

Rev. Mr. Ogdethorpe (of the village church)—Well, my little son, I'm glad to see you looking so fat and hearty. The country air is doing you good, anyway.

Sojourner from the City—Not much it ain't! I've got a regular Sam Hill of a toothache on both sides.

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SILKS ARE THE BEST

100 and 50 yards Sewing Silk.

16 and 10 yards Buttonhole Twist.

Try them and you will always use them.

CORTICELLI Embroidery and Rope Silk are Fast Colors.

Also FLORENCE Knitting Silk.

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column, Saturday Night Office."]

Mabel G., Chatham.—You are a little wilful, but ready to ask forgiveness if wrong; reserved, and yet agreeable.

Edith D., Chatham, Ont.—Your writing indicates a hasty temper, a sensitive and fickle temperament, good ability and great love of fun.

Jessie G., Chatham.—You are inclined to be easy-going. Are fond of pleasure, rather disliking hard work, make few enemies but hold them.

Hal, Welland, Ont.—Your writing indicates a want of realiness in thought and action. You are slow to come to conclusions, but prudent.

Rose Sparkle, North Toronto.—I presume you mean that used for affixing patches to books. It would be better to buy it at any place dealing in rubber goods.

Inquisitive Maiden, Hamilton.—The hair is dark brown, a fair complexion, with indications a careless disposition, a fickle temper and a sunny nature.

Country Maid, Brantford.—You need only send the item each fee for insertion. Practice a larger and freer movement of the hand, and use pinnacled capitals.

M. C., Winnipeg.—Your hair is auburn. You write an easy hand, yet it indicates some firmness. You are doubtless warm-hearted, warm-tempered, easily coaxed, seldom compelled, moderately cheerful and very hopeful.

Justice.—It appears strange that the parents should after so long a time raise objection. Perhaps the young man could understand the letter if he addressed himself to them personally. The disparity in age is not marked, the lady's position unusual.

Mary, Collingwood.—1. Pretty, I should say. 2. Brush the hair often, and wash with a teaspoonful of borax in the water. 3. It will be quite right. 4. The right one always comes. 5. Ask your mother's permission. 6. A pink or cream print. 7. Decidedly improper.

Ben Lee.—It is certainly a delicate matter. The renewal of the visits seems to indicate a desire on his part to resume the friendship, and you say it was only that. Time will be the only real advisor. A girl must not show her heart too plainly, and yet—be perfectly natural.

Grace C., Chatham.—A quick temper, rather determined, and wilfully disobedient but rather inclined to question authority. Grammar good. The invitation might be given informally, if your mother is not present, but include her in it by saying, "we shall be pleased," etc.

Bertha S., St. Thomas, Ont.—Give good attention to your general health. Bathe regularly, and do not use much greasy food. Rosewater and glycerine in equal parts will often render the skin smooth. Your hair is light brown; your height and weight are good. Do not try to reduce your weight, but take enough sherry or ale to keep your fresh fire.

Bessie, O.—1 A lady has the privilege of first recognizing a gentleman to whom she has been lately introduced. 2. Some informal words of thanks. 3. Your friends should invite him to accompany you. 4. She should be ready, if not certainly ask him to come in. 5. Nothing. I am afraid. They are constitutional. 6. She is unlady-like. 7. Not at all. 8. Ten minutes, rarely longer.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
(THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.)
Cure BILLIOUS AND Nervous ILLS.
Sick Headache, &c.
OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

Not Too Late.

BY A. C. C.

For Saturday Night.

"So Madge has really made up her mind to pay us a visit at last," Dr. Grantly says, glancing across the pretty breakfast table at his wife, who appears deeply interested in a dainty epistle she is perusing, traced in a delicate feminine hand.

"Yes, Robert, she is really coming in fact," with a bright smile at her liege lord. "She will be here this evening. The train from New York is due a little after seven, I think, and you must be on hand to meet her."

"Well, well, to be sure," the doctor returned vaguely. "Train due a little after seven! I won't forget, my dear, and you had better delay the dinner, don't you think?"

"Yes; certainly," Mrs. Grantly replies, briefly; "and I'll get Jane to fix the blue room up prettily for her. In fact, I'll try and arrange everything, something like what it was when she was here before. Do you remember? Just about this time two years ago."

Of course, I do, my dear," her husband replies with a smile, "my memory is not quite all gone, and come to think of it Arthur was here about the same time on three months leave. By Jove! that reminds me, he has been promoted lately, and is Captain Strachan now!"

"Is it possible! but I am so glad for his sake. No one,"—with the sweetest of smiles—"with the exception of you, of course, deserves success and promotion more than he, in fact, do you know, Robert, I should think he would be very attractive man to women, he has so much in his favor!"

"Perhaps," her husband replies, reflectively, "that is the reason, and I think my dear, that the remark can apply well to your friend, Miss Madge Neville, they have both been spoilt, made too much of, in fact, and are therefore very difficult to satisfy, and hard to please!"

"I suppose you are right," Mrs. Grantly replies, "but oh dear," with a little sigh, "one cannot find it in their heart to judge Madge, I know I have often thought her very exacting, and as you say rather hard to please, but then she is so sweetly pretty, so lovable, I don't wonder she is spoilt, her very beauty alone entitles her to so much attention, and she receives it everywhere she goes!"

"She is a lovely girl, no doubt," Dr. Grantly says, after a slight pause; "but, my dear little woman, you can't make me believe she is a happy one. You remember we saw her for a little while at Long Branch last summer, and hers was not the face of a happy woman—it was too sad a one for that!"

Mrs. Grantly does not answer for a moment; at last she says very slowly:

"You must have imagined it, Robert. Surely Madge has everything that should make any rational woman happy: youth, beauty, independent means, hosts of friends, and, well, everything that goes to make life desirable in this nineteenth century of ours."

"A lowing all that, my dear," her husband replies quietly, "even those great blessings amount to little in the end. There is something even more a woman craves, and that is a love pure and disinterested, the longing will come to her sooner or later to love and be loved, and if she should be disappointed in just that one thing all those other blessings are poor in comparison. How many girls have frittered away the best part of their lives, and wrecked the remainder throwing away, so to speak, the substance for the shadow and ending at last, in accepting men wholly unsuited to them. I could point you out half a dozen of them at this moment, my dear. Women who were once sweet and lovable and have become in consequence disappointed and embittered. Ah, well," he adds, with a little sigh, "if girls would only be sensible and even if, when they are gifted to more than the average degree, they would remember that one good honest affection is worth its weight in gold."

"You are right, of course," Mrs. Grantly replies, and there is a troubled ring in her voice, "but I cannot imagine Madge ever disappointed or embittered, why," with a bright smile, "she is the brightest, most lovable little woman in existence, no man could help being fond of her. Why, Robert, to begin with, if I remember rightly, Arthur appeared to actually half worship her, they were continually together, he was her most ardent admirer, I do told me himself he thought her one of the loveliest girls he had even seen."

A curious little smile curves Dr. Grantly's lips, but he remains silent.

"And then you know," his wife continues, "Madge as much as told me, in fact acknowledged, she cared for him, and gave him every encouragement!"

"She certainly did," her husband replies, a little coldly. "And I can give you the guide to it all, if you wish. I can assure you positively, my dear, Arthur was truly and deeply in love with her, he has his faults I daresay, but he is not a man to love lightly, he is too noble and whole-souled for that. He acknowledged to me himself he was fond of Madge, and had asked her to be his wife and she consented."

"Madge never told me anything of this," Mrs. Grantly cries, indignantly; "not one word!"

"Well, my dear, all the same it is the truth. You remember Madge received a telegram and had to cut her visit short and returned to New York a few days before Arthur left. Business in Montreal obliged him also to leave hurriedly but I know when they both parted here, about this time two years ago, Madge had promised to marry him, and they were engaged. I feel positive also," the doctor adds, a flash of indignation in his blue eyes, "there is nothing between them now, and it is her fault!"

Mrs. Grantly does not answer, but her face has grown very pale, and her hands tremble slightly. "It is a wonder," she says at last very slowly, "you have never told me of this before!"

"Well, my dear, what good would it have done. I took it for granted, besides, that Madge had confided in you, and as you were silent on the subject, also, I thought to let it rest altogether!"

"I am very fond of them both," Mrs. Grantly says, a little tremor in her voice, "and I thought at the time if they fell in love with one another it would be so suitable. I never dreamt, though, that things had gone quite so far, though I have often wondered if the liking they appeared to feel for each other, was real or feigned. And, Madge, of course, has her faults, like the rest of us, but she is not heartless and unfeeling."

"Ah, well, my dear, I certainly hope she is not, for every one's peace of mind, but," with a hurried glance at his watch, "I have a consultation at nine, so must be off. I don't think I'll be home for luncheon either, little woman." So with a smile and a kiss he hastily dons his coat, and snatching his hat and cane, runs lightly down the stone steps and is lost to view.

With a smile, Mrs. Grantly watches her husband depart. When he is quite out of sight she turns away with a little sigh. Soon after, Jane and her mistress are arranging and disarranging different rooms, and Mrs. Grantly is not a little perplexed which her fair guest would prefer. "Madge is so fond of pretty things," she muses, "and she has everything so lovely at home."

The day wears on to its close. It is uncertain and rainy; but inside all is brightness and warmth. Six o'clock chimes out from the great Cathedral bells, and the day for toil is over. With a little sigh Mrs. Grantly ensconces herself in a deep arm chair, and places her slipped feet on the burnished fender. As she gazes into the burning coals, her thoughts fly back to the days of her girlhood—to the old school days, where she and Madge first met. The step was a short one from acquaintanceship to friendship, and soon they became bosom friends and companions, though some years Madge's senior, they were as fond of one another as sisters almost. Blest with uncommon beauty and talents, since her debut into fashionable life, only the girl's naturally bright and loving disposition has saved her from becoming a spoilt and selfish beauty. Madge has always been so true and open, telling her all her little secrets and little love affairs, that the idea of her keeping silence, especially concerning Arthur, troubles Mrs. Grantly more even than she will allow to herself. A slight tap at the door rouses her from her reverie. Jane enters with a card on the salver. One glance is enough. She springs to her feet, and is out of the room before the astonished girl can realize the fact. As she enters the drawing-room, a fair, handsome, military-looking man rises to greet her, a broad smile curbing his lips. "I thought I would give you a surprise," he says.

"And you have certainly accomplished it, and a most pleasant one too," Mrs. Grantly replies, bestowing upon him at the same time, a substantial proof of her delight and regard.

"I thought I would take you by storm, you see, I have only six weeks' leave of absence, hardly worth while one would think to take a trip across the ocean. Still I wanted to see you all, and have also some business that needs looking after personally in Montreal, I thought on the whole it would be pleasanter to give you a surprise—so here I am!" He concluded with a laugh.

"You certainly are," Mrs. Grantly allows, joining in merrily.

"You are looking well too," she adds inspecting him from head to foot, "better even than you did the last time we saw you, now two years ago."

For a moment only his face clouds, a stern look creeps into his clear gray eyes, and he turns his face away. But it is for a moment only, and he is his own bright self again.

"I am so sorry Robert is not in, but I am expecting him every moment, he has gone down to meet an old friend of ours who arrives by the 7:20 train I think, they will be here," with a hurried glance at her watch, "at any moment." If her life had depended upon it, poor Mrs. Grantly had not then the courage to let him know who the friend was, and judging from her ambiguous words and manner, Captain Strachan came at once to the conclusion it was an elderly lady expected.

"Oh, well, I shall give him a little surprise at any rate," he rejoins, "I intended writing him first, and then thought better of it!"

"Yes, he will be so delighted to see you, he," —but a familiar step catches her ear, and Madge Neville's sweet laugh rings out.

With a cheery "Well, my dear, here we are!" the doctor leads in his young guest, and the surprise all round is mutual.

One glance, and all the bright color fades instantly from Miss Neville's face, a cold look creeps into her eyes: n! the small gloved hands tremble ever so slightly. Captain Strachan himself has drawn up, if possible, another inch higher, and receives the cold little bow she disdains him, with a reserve equal to her own. Mrs. Grantly is thoroughly disconcerted, and glances appealingly at her husband, whose face at the moment is a study.

"A nice couple to entertain," he thinks, "what a time Mary will have between them both!"

But Mrs. Grantly is a wise little woman in her way. She appears not to notice there has anything gone wrong at all, and with wonderful tact breaches over the awkward *contretemps*. Through dinner and later on in the cosy library where they all gather round the bright fire, Madge is as gay as ever, but her jests and sallies are reserved for the doctor and Mrs. Grantly only. Never once does she glance at Captain Strachan, he might as well not be in existence for all the attention she bestows upon him. Sitting at Mrs. Grantly's feet, the flickering firelight playing on the coils of her rich dark hair, her bright eyes upraised with merriment one moment then shadowed in doubt the next; every curve of her slender, graceful figure outlined by the bright flames; she is indeed a picture of young and beautiful womanhood.

A half amused, half indignant smile curves Captain Strachan lips, as he sits silent and listens to her laughter and jests. His own heart is heavy enough, his thoughts bitter enough, and she can have no help but pity and fond of her. Why, Robert, to begin with, if I remember rightly, Arthur appeared to actually half worship her, they were continually together, he was her most ardent admirer, I do told me himself he thought her one of the loveliest girls he had even seen."

A curious little smile curves Dr. Grantly's lips, but he remains silent.

"And then you know," his wife continues, "Madge as much as told me, in fact acknowledged, she cared for him, and gave him every encouragement!"

"She certainly did," her husband replies, a little coldly. "And I can give you the guide to it all, if you wish. I can assure you positively, my dear, Arthur was truly and deeply in love with her, he has his faults I daresay, but he is not a man to love lightly, he is too noble and whole-souled for that. He acknowledged to me himself he was fond of Madge, and had asked her to be his wife and she consented."

"Madge never told me anything of this," Mrs. Grantly cries, indignantly; "not one word!"

"Well, my dear, all the same it is the truth. You remember Madge received a telegram and had to cut her visit short and returned to New York a few days before Arthur left. Business in Montreal obliged him also to leave hurriedly but I know when they both parted here, about this time two years ago, Madge had promised to marry him, and they were engaged. I feel positive also," the doctor adds, a flash of indignation in his blue eyes, "there is nothing between them now, and it is her fault!"

Mrs. Grantly does not answer, but her face has grown very pale, and her hands tremble slightly. "It is a wonder," she says at last very slowly, "you have never told me of this before!"

"Well, my dear, what good would it have done. I took it for granted, besides, that Madge had confided in you, and as you were silent on the subject, also, I thought to let it rest altogether!"

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strange we should be both in the same regiment, though; don't you think so?"

"Very," the doctor agrees, emphatically.

"He has never been out to Canada?"

"No, never," Capt. Strachan replies. "I was present at his wedding, which was a very pretty affair. He—ah, Miss Neville, are you faint! Let me get you a glass of wine!" for Madge has risen, swaying slightly, her face deadly white.

"No, no," she murmurs, her color returning again. "It was just a little faintness; I am much better now—thank you."

But she does not eat a mouthful; and her lips tremble slightly as she turns her face away that he may not observe the change, and fears has come over her. Mrs. Grantly is alarmed. She feels, instinctively, something has gone very wrong, and it is not her health; unless with a searching look at the pale, suffering face, she is not strong, and won't confess it.

"Madge can't tell me all—everything," thinks the quiet determined little woman to herself, "I am going to get at the bottom of all this, before I am twenty four hours older."

It is about five o'clock in the afternoon, when Dr. Grantly bustles into the surgery.

"Do you care about having a spin around, Arthur? The horse is at the door."

"Thanks, awfully; but I prefer a cigar if you don't mind," Captain Strachan replies, laughing.

The doctor smiles; shakes a case of instruments at him reprovingly, and disappears, in a thoroughly hurried and professional manner.

The young man begins by making himself comfortable and stretching out full length on the sofa, after a good deal of unnecessary exertion, lights a cigar and though late in the day, starts with the laudable intention of perusing the morning papers. He is deeply interested in the political debates on, at least, appears to be until he hears his own name.

The speaker is Mrs. Grantly and she is addressing some one earnestly. The door leading from the library into the surgery is wide open, and he hears every word as if she were speaking to him. Clearly, quietly she repeats her question:

"Now, Madge, will you tell me the meaning of this hard feeling between you and Arthur?"

"Yes, if you wish, only" [illegible] "don't blame me too much—promise me?"

"Certainly dear! For I know, without the telling, that you have suffered."

"Oh, yes, I have suffered so much, Mary, though I have not a long story to confess. I can tell it all to you in a few words; but oh, I am wired."

"Can it be possible," he thinks, "that this faint, sweet voice is the same that filled him with so much bitterness last night."

"Don't tell it to me then," he hears Mrs. Grantly urge, "if it wearies you at all I can wait, dear."

"No, no, Mary; I wish you to know now, for I can rest better. You remember Arthur and I met here for the first time two years ago. We liked each other from the first, and though many men," with a little sigh, "if I confess it myself, have offered themselves to me he was the only man I ever loved." With a proud Arthur Strachan buries his face in his hands and waits for the remainder. "How I believed and trusted in him," the sweet voice continues, "and God knows he was worthy of it. Ah, well, before we parted, I had promised to be his wife in June, and I was so happy, so joyously happy. I wished no one to know not even you, and left without telling you one word, though I intended writing you all particulars. I had only been away one week, when one evening, at a large reception, I met a Miss Leigh. I took a great fancy to her from the first and we soon became quite friendly. In the course of conversation one day she informed me of the engagement of her cousin, Blanche Fairley, to Arthur Strachan of the 23 d regiment. For a moment I felt as if the whole world turned back to me. But I wanted further proof. She went on to say they had been lovers for years, that Arthur was such a desperate flirt, Blanche felt actually uncertain about giving herself to him. Everything though was satisfactory at last, and the lovers were happy together. As a last hope, I asked a description of him—she gave it without the slightest hesitation. I had no more doubts, I must think of Arthur Strachan only in the future only as a man lost utterly to every feeling and sense of honor—a man unworthy of any woman's affection. But, oh! it was hard. It was so bitter trying to live it all down, and make myself believe I had never cared for the false letter. In which I told him I never wished to see his face, or hear of or from him again, and that his own conscience, if he had any, would tell him the reason, without further words on the subject. He wrote me, but I burnt his letter unopened. Twice again letters from him reached me, but I destroyed them all unread. Looking back upon it all now, I can see my folly."

"Oh, Madge, dear," Mrs. Grantly groans, "how could you do!?"

"At first," the girl continues, drearily, "I thought I would never get over it—the blow, both to my pride and affection; but time softens everything, and I resolved to put it all from me, and to the world was gayer and brighter than ever—or, at least, I tried to be. If I died for it, no one should guess how bitterly and deeply I had been wounded. So time has passed, and then I come up to visit you again, and he appears suddenly on the scene too, and I find, oh, Mary, that I have made a dreadful mistake, and he is not by any means the scoundrel I believed him to be. I find suddenly, he has a cousin by the same name, in the same regiment in England; and that this cousin, and not my Arthur, was the one engaged, and now married, to Miss Fairley. Oh, Mary," she cries, with a passionate sob, "what a wretched mistake it all has been."

"Yes, dear," Mrs. Grantly answers, gravely. But do her eyes deceive her? "It is not too late to make it all right, little woman, if you will," and Arthur himself is kneeling beside her, his whole soul in his eyes.

With a little smile Mrs. Grantly slips from the room, knowing full well she will not be missed, or her absence greatly regretted.

"Madge darling," he whispers, "I have heard it all, and I don't blame you. Perhaps, dear, I should be your jailor for forgiveness but I knew and had listened to it all before I realized I had been playing the contemptible part of an eavesdropper. Can you forgive, dear? Every word of your sweet confession went to my heart like a knife until I could stand it no longer; I don't blame you, dear; it has been a most miserable business all through, and we mistake a most natural one. Look up! Speak to me, dear."

With a passionate sob she turns to him, her great dark eyes filled with tears she does not attempt to conceal. "Oh, Arthur, I don't deserve you should ever forgive me. The mistake arising through the similarity of names might be excused, but ah, when I think of those letters destroyed unread, I—"

"Not another word," he says, softly, "you were led to believe me all that was unworthy and dishonorable, you treated me as such and forgive you, dear, because you have suffered too."

"Ah, yes," her lips quivered even at the memory, "but oh, I should have trusted you more."

"I forgive you fully, little woman, let it all end there, only come and make the rest of my life happy"—and gathering her up in his arms, he waits her answer. Dimly she begins to realize the nobility and greatness of his love, so true and unwavering through all, so generous and forgiving at the end.

With a faint, happy smile she places her hand in his, and Mrs. Grantly, peeping out as she passes, comes to the very sensible conclusion, that his pressing business in Montreal will have to wait.

Two Bad Storms.

Mr. Winkers—I hear you have had two very bad thunder storms lately in your town.

Old Friend—Yes; the first one struck a church, but no one was hurt. You see, the weather looked a little threatening that Sunday, and there wasn't anybody there. But the second storm blew over a census-taker and killed sixteen deacons and four preachers.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

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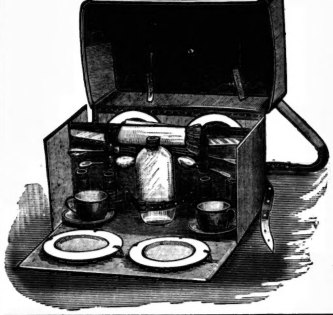

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How English Ladies Study Life.

A very common excuse made by young men who plunge into courses of dissipation is that it is necessary to "see life" in all its phases. They desire, they say, before settling down to gain a thorough knowledge of the world and its temptations. They do not intend permanently to lead vicious lives, or to allow the allurements of gilded vice to obtain too great a hold of them, but they want to sow their wild oats and cultivate a wide experience of humanity. Moral reformers do not admit the validity of the excuse. Why, they say, should men be permitted a greater latitude than women in this respect, and what *blase* and experienced young man would want to marry a lady who had carried her enthusiasm for the study of human nature to the same extent? Strange as it may seem to us the progress of woman's rights in England has led to an assertion on the part of many society women in London, of something approaching to the freedom which has hitherto been confined to the male sex in regard to seeing life in its shadier aspects. The *Saturday Review* notes a growing tendency on the part of ladies to frequent music halls and restaurants which were, until lately, the exclusive resorts of men and women of questionable reputation. It is no uncommon thing for ladies of assured social standing and personally unblemished character to encounter in these "fast" places their aristocratic male friends in the company of *demi-mondaines*. To make the rounds of these festive resorts, where the sights and sounds are at least suggestive, if not actually contaminating, appears to be the latest diversion of the fashionable dames, wearied of the customary social enjoyments, and piqued by curiosity to see how the men act when free from ceremonial restraints. They claim that, according to the advanced ideas of the present, a woman has just as good a right to know the world as a man. It is not a pleasant development of the movement for the emancipation of woman's sphere. Those who yield to their curiosity, or their desire to be in the swim, so far as to frequent places where the frail sisterhood muster in force, must often find themselves in an equivocal position, and have only themselves to blame should scandal make free with their reputations. But, after all, is there not considerable force in the plea that a woman has naturally just as much right as a man to acquire the sort of knowledge of the world that is gained by "knocking about town" and coming into contact with all sorts of characters. If it is wrong for one sex it must be wrong for both.

Truth.

From the cradle we are taught to be truthful, and by example to be untruthful. Forced upon us is the knowledge that "things are not what they seem," and by unconscious imitation, we gradually become not what we seem. Advised that the truth should not be spoken at all times, we are not admonished to keep altogether silent. Equivocation in others demands equivocation from ourselves. The same answer to the same question cannot be offered to all. We dress truth in various costumes, some of them hideously deforming, for the benefit of our various acquaintances. Well has it become an established fact in proper training that questioning is not good form. It is a trying draft on moral courage when met without preparation. In this new world, where caste, rank, and social place are not decided before birth, a man may honestly, by evolution, be all things to all men, but when as a compound he essays that, he cannot reconcile factors and facts, and may be startled by the suggestion that the truth is no longer in him. We smile at the gushing impulses of youth, the uncultivated vision, the untutored heart, the unsophisticated soul fresh from the hand of God; yet in our cynical hearts we find struggling for utterance the sympathy for truth unadorned, that we put aside long ago, when we had not the courage to be true to ourselves. The sneer of the cynic is the advertisement of artificial habits of thought; he has forgotten the native freshness of his own life's morning.

Need we wonder at Tallyrand's summing up: "Speech is given to man to conceal his thoughts." Now that even thought has become artificial, we have a range so wide that we can keep ourselves unspotted from any sin implied by the astute Frenchman. . IRIS.

Winter, which strips the leaves from around us, makes us see the distant regions they formerly concealed; so does old age rob us of our enjoyments, only to enlarge the prospects of the eternity before us.

Aim at perfection in everything, though in most things it is unattainable; however, they who aim at it, and persevere, will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable.

One half of mankind pass their lives in thinking how they shall get dinner, and the other in thinking what dinner they shall get; and the first are much less injured by occasional fasts than are the latter by constant feasts.

Be true to your own highest convictions. Intimations from our own souls, of something more perfect than others teach, if faithfully followed, give a consciousness of spiritual force and progress never experienced by the vulgar of high life or low life, who march along as they are drilled, to the step of their tunes.

Music

I see that the Hamiltonians are moving in the matter of reorganizing their Philharmonic Society with Mr. Clarence Lucas as conductor. Mr. Lucas is a good man, one of the best musicians in Canada, and should make a successful conductor. There is plenty of good material for such a society in Hamilton, and now that the city will soon have a proper hall, and as the matter is approached in a proper spirit by the proposed conductor, the Hamilton Philharmonic Society ought to rise from its ashes and again become a power in the land.

Miss Edith Littlehales of Hamilton recently returned home from a lengthened sojourn at Leipsic, where she had been studying the violin with the most satisfactory results. Her father, Mr. Thomas Littlehales, is always foremost in any movement to advance the interests of music, and the occasion of his daughter's return was taken by the 13 h Battalion Band to pay him a compliment by serenading the family on Friday night of last week.

Our societies are beginning their work in good time this year. The Vocal Society begins practice on Monday evening, and the Philharmonic Society holds its first rehearsal on Tuesday evening. Bruch's Oratorio Arminius, which will be performed by the society, is a splendid composition on a heroic subject, and will be found one of the most popular works in its repertoire. It is full of noble choruses and fiery, impassioned recitatives for the hero Arminius.

The death of Mr. A. E. Minkler, President of the Choral Society, has prevented that body from arranging its plans for an early resumption of work, but I believe its officers will shortly have a scheme ready for the public. It is to be hoped that the society will not allow the season to pass without taking its place as one of our choral bodies.

I hear that Miss Alice Waltz of Belleville has been engaged as solo soprano by the Central Methodist Church of Bloor street.

METRONOME.

The Drama.

The stage of the Grand Opera House was occupied this week by the Hanlon's company presenting New Fantasma, and hundreds have feasted their eyes on the beautiful spectacle and been amused by the pantomimic humor.

Fantasma is an inharmonious extravaganza. Its magnificent tableaux lack the sympathetic accompaniment of the sparkling music and the rhythmic beat of the dainty satin-slipped feet which lend a greater charm to the grouping and soft colors in burlesque or opera. It is a combination of a supernatural fairy story, the course of which admits of the introduction of much splendid scenery, and some of the most gorgeous tableaux ever seen on a Toronto stage, and a great deal of pantomimic horse play. This latter, though excellent in itself and funny enough at times to make a Nestor laugh like a fat girl, is distracting in connection with the former. There is no blending in the transition from the capering of Pico with the imps attending on Zamaliel and the mystic and gorgeous tableaux of the Magic Fountain and Fantasma's Realm. When the mind gets in harmony with the beautiful and mysterious part of the supernatural story the acrobatic business jars; and when it has entered heartily into the comedy parts, the beauty and significance of a tableau thrust before it suddenly and exposed but for a moment are half lost.

The story of Fantasma amounts to nothing. Lena, the daughter of Farmer Close, is abducted by Zamaliel, King of the realm of Heads. Fantasma, the young fairy queen, assists Arthur, Lena's lover, to recover her and to overcome the powers of the Regions of Darkness. It has much of the incoherence of a dream. Nobody, unless it be children, cares a straw whether Zamaliel gets Lena or whether Arthur gets her. The story serves the subsidiary purpose of a peg on which to hang the mechanical devices which absorb all its interest.

But if Fantasma cannot be said to have any dramatic interest, it is still bright and amusing. If it does not lull you into dreamland with harmony it keeps you animated with surprises. As an almost purely mechanical show, it is astonishing how little it drags. Before one is tired looking at one scene the wand of the stage manager waves, and presto! another scene appears, and everything rattles merrily on.

It would be almost impossible to attempt to get at the histrionic ability of the people who appear in Fantasma, for beyond mere stage presence there is little else on which to form an opinion. Messrs. Eugene O'Rourke and A. C. Orcutt sang very well, as also did Miss Emily Northrop. M. Louis Pizzarello was very funny as Pico, and the young ladies who figured in the tableaux were all pretty and well enough formed to set the Johnnies crazy.

Lost in New York has been the attraction at the Toronto Opera House this week. The play is one of the good old melodramatic sort which have been described so often. The heroes and heroines are goodness and bravery personified, and the villains are too bad for Satan to trifle with. It is also furnished with a tank to strengthen the realistic effects of one of its best bits of scenery which represents a scene on the East River. Some members of the company do fairly good work.

Having a curiosity to learn the way in which the leading lady looks on life, I called last week on Miss Isabel Coe, who took the part of the pretty widow in the Gold Mine. Medium in height, with reddish-brown eyes, she is passably good-looking. Her shapely white hands were spoiled by the number of rings she wore, and she was dying to be interviewed, anxious to tell all the pretty things reporters had said of her, willing to be entertaining that nice items might be written in the future, and seemed to be thoroughly in love with—herself.

"Do you know," she began, "that when I was in New York, I had such a nice little attention paid me! A reporter was sent to write up my flat—I had a real pretty flat; but I was too ill to be bothered, so he wrote it up from imagination, and really it was well done. Wasn't that clever of him? He just wrote up a nice little suite of rooms, such as any one of taste and refinement would have—and it fitted well. Yes," reflectively, "the newspapers have been very good to me. If the hotel people are kind, the theater comfortable, and the audiences good, we generally like a city—for we can't see much of it. Yes"—in answer to an inquiry—"we work hard; play every night, with two matinees in the week. Last night I was tired—too tired to sleep, and this morning I had to get up rather early, for we had a rehearsal." Miss Coe's eyes in their normal expression are thoughtful almost to sadness, but her determined mouth indicates that she is possessed of a will of her own; that she is not easily subdued, and quite likely to push onward to success in her profession.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Mary Anderson is now in the Highlands of Scotland and is rapidly regaining health and vigor.

"Do you pass members of the profession?" asked a song and dance man of O. B. Sheppard. "Oh, yes," was the reply, "very frequently—without speaking to them."

Buffalo Bill lately gave a breakfast in Paris and among the guests were Augustin Daly, Ada Rehan, Chauncey Depew, Thomas Edison, John Hoey and the United States Minister.

Pretty and gifted Annie O'Neil is now playing with Sothern at the Lyceum, New York, and adds another strong attraction to the already numerous attractions of Lord Chumley.

George S. Knight, the popular comedian, is not expected to live and in order to keep the wolf from the door his wife, Sophie Worrell, will shortly begin a tour of the country with her own company.

Carlisle D. Graham, who is said to have gone over Niagara Falls in a barrel, is now on exhibition at Doris' Eighth-avenue Museum, New York. He gets, it is said, a salary larger than is paid leading actors.

Sol. Smith Russell entered on his third week at Daly's Theater, New York, on Monday, with the confidence resulting from a fortnight of well-pleased audiences. His unctuously humorous impersonation of the impecunious inventor has made him many friends in New York.

Mrs. Langtry made her first reappearance on the London, England, stage on Monday evening. She was most enthusiastically received, being applauded again and again, when she first essayed to speak. The critics think she has improved a great deal in her acting, and has not lost any in appearance during her stay in America.

George Fawcett Rowe, who was engaged to appear at the Grand Opera House here on Monday night next, died suddenly in New York on Thursday of last week. He was a man of brilliant and versatile talents, being a playwright and a painter as well as an actor. He was the author of The Donagh, Joe Murphy's successful play. Mr. De Mille has kindly offered his play of The Main Line without royalty if agreeable to managers who hold bookings for Rowe.

By one who is closely connected with Henry E. Abbey, it was positively stated last week that Mrs. James Brown Potter will remain abroad this season, and that she has consequently abandoned the starring tour in this country for which arrangements had been made by Mr. Abbey. The cause which led to this decision is not definitely stated. But it is understood to have no professional significance; on the contrary it is believed to be entirely of a private and personal nature.

Mlle Marie Prescott summers at Millersburg, Ky. All the season through she walks, walks, walks. Five miles before breakfast is nothing to her, and she gets up at 5 o'clock to do it before her 8 o'clock meal. When she gets home from this early walk and has breakfast, Miss Prescott goes to her desk and her correspondence, and has finished all business by the 2 o'clock dinner, which still is the fashion in rural Kentucky. The afternoon she spends with her mother, who is an invalid, and after the 6 o'clock tea she goes for another stroll of a mile or two.

Daniel Frohman, manager for Mrs. Jas. G. Blaine, jr., recently announced her withdrawal from the starring tour, that was to commence this month, on account of illness. It is now whispered that she was not ill at all, and that her retirement was owing to the urgent solicitations of her father-in-law, the Secretary of State. It is also stated that Helen Dauvray's starring tour has collapsed. The alleged cause given by New York papers is that her husband, Ward, the baseballist, objected at the eleventh hour to the starring tour of his wife. The people engaged to accompany her will probably make it interesting for them, as they have virtually lost their chance of getting into any other good company this season.

Edwin Booth is probably the most generous man in a profession of generous men. He never forgets the friends of his early manhood when the sun of prosperity ceases to shine on their pathway, and the bounty which he bestows so modestly and quietly, he seems to consider in the light of a sweet privilege that goes with his own deserved success. If all the good deeds and words of Edwin Booth were written they would make a history beside which even the noble triumphs of his artistic career would pale. Tuesday was the fortieth anniversary of Edwin Booth's first appearance on the stage. That pregnant event occurred at Boston, where the embryo tragedian played Tressel to his illustrious father's Richard.

Wilson Barrett, in his speech at the dedication of the new theater at Halifax, England, said: "I repeat that recreation is as necessary for the mind as food is for the body, and one of the highest forms of recreation is to be found in a good theater. I would say to those large employers of labor who may be present, and to all who have the welfare of the city at heart, let the people have innocent amusement—nay, direct their attention to it; for if you do not give it to them openly, they will seek their pleasures in dark corners. I believe it to be the duty of the guardians of the public to provide, or see provided, innocent recreation for the people. I urge those in authority to get the working population to seek the pure recreation afforded by good plays—to get them into the theater."

The Burnt Lands of the Ottawa.

"Suppose we drive out to the burnt lands this afternoon for stuff to fix up our rooms when we go back to college." The stuff referred to was golden rod, grasses and other weed, enemies of the farmer, which run riot in the burnt lands. Of course I agreed, and off we went.

Do not let the name suggest a waste tract of charred logs and stumps, and grey rocks bleaching in the sun, but rather it should call up to you a very fairy land. Fire swept more than thirty years ago; no traces of the fire are left; nothing is seen but growth and beauty.

It is a great level moor. Behind us the rise we have just climbed makes our horizon. In front the ground falls away in an imperceptible slope for miles. On the northern horizon the blue of the Laurentians lies misty beyond the distant Ottawa.

The sky is unflecked, save for the flight of an occasional bird—a measureless abyss of blue. Over all is a silence deepened, rather than broken, by the rushing of a stiff north wind.

Roads wander at their own sweet will over this no-man's land.

We stop to take in the beauty of the scene. The sun blazes down, intensifying what is already a glory of color. At our feet the pearly gravel is laced together by scarlet strawberry vines that here and there bear leaves as vivid a crimson as the Virginia creeper itself.

Tiny rose bushes, none of them a foot high, hang out coral-tinted lips large as blackberries. Belated bluebells nod beside the red pods, their earlier sister. Sorrel twines among the stones, and lends its tint to the prevailing red glow. Over all wave yellow grasses and stately plumes of golden rod, that seem to toss back the sunlight, not needing its brightness as the wind sways them to the earth.

Scattered in crevices are a few gnarled poplars. Such wizened old-young things that you can almost read tales of fierce winter snows and bitter storms in their contorted limbs. The older poplars are all dead and their bare branches rattle horridly. The leaves of the living ones clatter with a ghostly sound, showing their white underfaces as if blanching at every breath of the wind.

But the sun is too bright and the colors of day too vivid to allow dreams of night or winter to obtrude themselves for long.

Clumps of evergreens and larger poplars grow in spots where scattered springs have produced more favorable conditions of growth. Though they are visible for quite a distance, and look commanding, they are not higher than a man. This is a place of small things yet of exquisite beauty. We drive on, winding here or there as fancy dictates, gathering golden rod at every turn, and feathery grasses.

As we drive home late in the afternoon, we chat of the cosy firesides that are waiting when October calls us back to college halls, and plan decorations that will brighten our rooms with recollections of wind-swept stretches of moorland, and the haze of mountains half seen in the distance.

JACOB THATCHER.

He Had Traveled.

"Here's a list of the hotels in the town to which we are going," said Tom to his companion on the cars. "Ah, here's the Hotel St. Nicholas, evidently the leading hotel in the town. We'll stop at that."

"No," replied his companion; "we'll not stop at the Hotel St. Nicholas. I've been in the country towns before, and have always found that the bigger and more high-sounding the name the smaller and shabbier the hotel. Here's the Smith House. We'll stop at that. I'll wager it is the best hotel in the place." And it was so.

An Unenterprising Town.

"What kind of a town is Blankville?" asked the stranger.

"A town of no enterprise whatever," was the reply.

"Why, I understand it has several large industrial establishments in operation, four or five good hotels, a fine opera house, street railways, electric lights, and two flourishing daily newspapers!"

"Oh, yes—so it has; but its baseball club disbanded for want of patronage before the season was six weeks old."

Has Got Back.

Collector—Is Mr. Slowpay in?

Landlady—No, sir.

"I called five weeks ago, and you said he had gone to the seaside for a month. Hasn't he got back yet?"

"Yes, sir; he's back."

"Then where is he?"

"In the poor-house."

Down to Hard Facts.

Testy Old Gent—Huh! Do you think you can support my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed?

Young Suitor—Well, no; but I can support her in the style to which her mother was accustomed for a good many years after she married you.

Old Gent (subdued)—Take her, my son, and be happy.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

The Engine of Civilization.

Sub Editor—The owner of the paper was in here to-day.

Editor in Chief—Indeed! Did he ask who wrote that stirring editorial on The Problem of the Hour?

S. E.—No. He didn't mention the editorial page.

E. I. C.—Oh! Wanted to compliment us on our improved new service, I suppose?

S. E.—He said nothing about that.

E. I. C.—He didn't? What in the world did he say?

S. E.—He asked how many "Want" advertisements we had.

A Declaration.

Soldier (to cook)—Ah! If you only knew how deep an interest I have in you.

Cook—Don't hesitate, dearest, to tell me just how you feel. I, too, have long cherished the tenderest feelings for you.

Soldier—Oh, if I only knew that you wouldn't be angry.

Cook—Only say what you have in your mind and I shall be the happiest woman in the world.

Soldier—Well, then, I—I am so-o-o hungry.—*Fliegende Blatter.*

On Diverse String

Fortune's Favors

For Saturday Night.

Some siren crew
Our charmed canoe
To shores of green 'neath skies of blue
In velvet atmosphere—
The heat extreme,
The sun's fierce gleam,
Forbids us paddling up the stream
So rest we idly here.

Hot waning June
Melts to a swoon
The stillness of this still lagoon
Wherein bealmed we lie,
Our tiny sail
Lifts no breath
Arms longing that some idle gale
Perchance may wander by.

We lie where dim
Still shadows skim
The rushes on the river's rim
That harbor iris rare,
We whistle low,
Subdue land slow
To call the truant winds to blow
And break the silent air.

Some goddess brings
Upon her wings
The breeze desired as near she swings
Her pinions floating past,
With creaking sound
The boom sways round,
Fresh wind our canvas now has found—
It flies—we move at last.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

My Laddie.

For Saturday Night.

My Laddie's eyes are darkest brown,
They're kindly, brave and true;
And if I frown, and sad look down
His eyes grow solemn too.

But when I whisper pretty names,
He shows his snowy teeth;
His eyes all bright with dancing light
Mean soul-smiles underneath.

And often when we go for walks,
He'll scarce let friends come near:
But keeps my side with loyal pride,
My laddie true and dear.

I place my arm about his neck,
And draw his face to mine;
The dear true eyes don't no surprise,
They only say—I'm thine

No doubt you think that's very wrong,
Your modesty upprigs;
You've said "Oh my," with scornful cry,
And—various other things.

Near drowning once, he saved my life,
He plunged beneath a log,
And drew me out, 'mid many a shout,
My noble, faithful dog.

FRANCES BURTON CLARE.

Muskoka.

For Saturday Night.

Muskoka! how the name brings back to me,
The memory sweet of those long summer days,
When listering on thy shore in perfect rest,
I felt at peace with Heaven and all the world.

Well hast thou earned thy name,
"Land of clear skies" thou art in very truth,
Thy days are fair as can be on this earth,
Thy nights like hours stolen from Paradise.

Wild are thy shores, but yet how beautiful,
Rough crags, deep shadowed bays, rocks older than Time,
Sweet forest glades, fair islands, these, all these
Are thine. In dreams I see them and in exile sigh.

Ah! how I fain would now return to thee;
Once more to ply the oar, to breast the wave,
Or watch again the free wind swell the sail,
Whilst I lay prone, and smoked the pipe of peace

Or once again, upon some moonlit night,
See from thy shores, I slowly drifting by,
The camp-fire gleam across thy placid face,
And hear, in distance, music and a song.

Alas! it cannot be, such joys as these
Are not for me. The city's heated streets,
The noisy clatter of a thousand tongues,
These are my lot, and not thy peace and rest.

M.

Two Poets on Each Other's Birthday.

JOHN G. WHITTIER, ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

Friend, whom thy fourscore winters leave more dear
Than when life's zenith gave summer on thy cheek
Burned in the flush of manhood's manliest year,
Lonely, how lonely! is the snowy peak
Thy feet have reached and mine have climbed so near!
Close on thy footsteps 'mid the landscape drear
I strew herd my hand thine answering grasp to seek,
Warm with the love no rippling rhymes can speak.
Look backward! From thy lofty heights survey
Thy years of toil, of peaceful victories won,
Of dreams made real and largest hopes outrun.
Look forward! Brighter than earth's morning ray
Streams the pure light of heaven's unsetting sun,
The all-unclouded dawn of life's immortal day.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

Climbing the path that leads back nevermore,
We heard behind his footsteps and his cheer;
Now, face to face, we greet him, standing here
Upon the lonely summit of Fourscore.
Welcome to us, o'er whom the lengthened day
Is closing, and the shadows deeper grow,
His genial presence like an afterglow
Following the one just vanishing away.
Long be it ere the Table shall be set
For the last breakfast of the Autocrat,
And Love repeat, with smiles and tears, thereat
His own sweet songs, that time shall not forget.
Waiting with him the call to come up higher,
Life is not less, the heaven's are only nigher.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Unaffected.

"Just run in any time ye feel like it," said Mrs. Skaggs, kindly endeavoring to make Mrs. Highbred familiar with the amenities of social life in Arkansas, to which State the latter lady had gone from Boston, in search of health. "I knowed ye must be real lonesome all alone over here to the hotel, and so I thought I'd run over and let ye know the ladies here wa'n't too stuck up to take notice of strangers. I want ye jist to feel free to run over an set with me awhile at any time, an' don't think you've got to finify yerself all up to do it, either. Run over bar-footed and without stoppin' to comb yer ha'r, jist as you would if you was goin' to run in an' set with a neighbor in Boston. Ef there's anything I dee-pise it's too much style and formailty."—*Time.*

Noted People.

The Queen of Greece is one of the finest of swimmers.

Rosa Bonheur still vigorously wields the brush, at nearly seventy.

It is stated that King Leopold of Belgium, contemplates a trip to the Congo.

Some of Mark Twain's jokes are said to have originally occupied entire sheets of cardboard.

Mrs. Oscar Wilde is one of the most popular "platform ladies" in England. She is earnest, graceful and easy.

Both William Black and R. D. Blackmore cover dainty sheets of note paper with their almost microscopic chirography.

Lew Wallace writes his first draft upon a slate and finishes upon large sheets of white, unruled paper, in a most faultless chirography.

Mr. Lucy Stone Blackwell was accustomed to write her editorials for the *Woman's Journal* on the backs of circulars and similar scraps of waste paper.

Shirley Dare says she never sees a woman with sharp-cut, dispassionate intelligence, taste and feeling combined, who has not at some time known a life and death struggle for existence.

Prince Henry of Prussia was so pleased with the New Forest ponies during his visit to England, that he purchased a fine black one as a present for his wife, who is to drive the creature in a little dog-cart.

Mr. Shorthouse, author of John Inglesant, is reported to have violated all the canons of the printing office by sending in the copy for that once popular novel written on both sides of paper of various sizes.

Princess Louise's favorite diversion just now is glass painting, and she is at present engaged upon a window which Mr. Campbell of Loch Awe intends to place in his hall as a memorial of the late Duke of Albany.

The Queen of Corea is no figurehead. She has her voice in the councils of the King and an establishment of her own inside the palace grounds. The Queen dresses, of course, in Corean costume. She carries a chatelaine watch which is diamond studded, and smokes American cigarettes by the thousand.

Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, the Southern poet, is very ill at her home in Lexington, Va., and has not been able all summer to leave her room. Her eyesight is so impaired that she never uses her pen, but dictates her work to a stenographer. She lives in retirement in Lexington, her husband being a professor in the Washington and Lee University.

Mrs. John Wethered, daughter of Philip E. Thomas, projector and first president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, has hanging in the library of her country seat, just out of Baltimore, what is claimed as the first recorded telegram. It reads: "Message from Mrs. Dolly Madison, relict of President Madison. She sends her love to Mrs. Wethered."

Mrs. Annie Besant, the socialist, has great popularity and influence among the Radicals of London. There is, says a writer, a wonderful magnetic attraction about her. Her face in repose can hardly be called handsome, but when animated her dark Irish eyes flash fire, and, as one of her lady friends once said, "She has one of the sweetest smiles I have ever seen."

A peculiar fact about American literary women is that many of them are domestic in their tastes and have great ability as housekeepers. Lucy Stone is a noted home-maker. Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton's domestic propensities are well known. Mrs. Annie Jenness Miller, the lecturer and advocate of dress reform, has a husband who worships her. Mrs. Livermore, the lecturer, is another good housekeeper, and in addition to her public and private duties takes care of an invalid daughter.

Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria is experiencing the fate of an eligible young man, and is being pestered by his relations to take to himself a wife. His designing mother, Princess Clementine, insists upon his marrying one of his cousins of the Orleans family, while M. Stambouloff declares that the throne of Bulgaria can only be shared by a Sclav, or a member of the Greek Church. Fortunately for the Prince, who is in no hurry to relinquish the freedom of his bachelor life, this contrary advice provides him with an excuse for remaining single, and, in the present unsettled state of affairs, he will be in no hurry to wed.

The late Mrs. Lucy Hayes, known among the soldiers under her husband's command as the "Mother of the Regiment," won the name in the following way: A half-witted fellow was told by his comrades, immediately after her arrival in camp, that she had come to do the mending for the soldiers. In good faith he carried his half-worn blouse to her to mend. After a moment's bewilderment she saw the situation, and determining to save him from ridicule, she took the garment and mended it as if it were really her business. The men were somewhat ashamed, but, delighted with her way of treating the matter, gave her the above title.

Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps-Ward's cottage is not pretentious or grand in any way. A simple, picturesque little summer home, with a boundless, beautiful view of the ocean. A small inviting-looking veranda in front contains a low swinging hammock and one or two rustic chairs. The interior is rural-looking and cosy. Mrs. Ward is much beloved by the townspeople of Gloucester proper, on account of her efforts in the cause of temperance. She has established a fishermen's reading-room, where the men can enjoy games of all sorts, read the papers and amuse themselves. She has also founded several coffee-rooms at the point, where many a poor old man is entertained on a cold winter's night.

Karl Falkenstein, the inventor of the smokeless powder, was a chemist at Vienna only three years ago. He offered his invention to the Vienna War Office, which, with true Austrian fatuity, scornfully declined negotiations, so he went off to Berlin, where, the authorities being practical men, he was soon received by Count Waldersee, and afterwards by the Emperor; and his powder having been thoroughly tested, the invention was purchased for a sum which has made Falkenstein a comparatively rich man. The Emperor of Austria was, of course, much irritated and disgusted when he saw this astonishing invention successfully tried during his visit to Berlin, and heard the story of the crass imbecility of his late Minister of War.

One of the humorous incidents attending the celebration the other day of Dr. O. W. Holmes' 80th birthday at "Beverly-by-the-Depot," as he once headed a letter to correspond with the then newly-adopted Manchester-by-the-Sea, was the receipt of a telegram by the genial invalid. The sum of ninety cents was asked by the messenger boy, twenty-five for delivery, it being an unusual distance, and sixty-five for the despatch itself. Dr. Holmes paid the absurdly large amount demanded, and opening the envelope found it contained a congratulatory message from an entire stranger. The poet rather enjoyed the joke, remarking quietly, with a characteristic twinkle of the eye: "I am much obliged for his good wishes, but I don't quite understand why he thought they were worth ninety cents to me."

The *New Review* says: "If there ever was a man who talked like a book—and one of his own books, too—that man is Henry James. With grave aspect and in a darkling undertone, he pronounces his solemn gnomes and mysterious epigrams, or propounds those social and psychical conundrums which supply his devout admirers the largest part of their intellectual exercise. But, as Sir George Trevelyan judiciously observes:

> The gravest of us now and then unbends,
> And likes his glass of claret and his friends.

And when this softening change has passed over Mr. James, he becomes a delightful companion. He has the desirable qualities of fine appreciation and genuine sympathy; he observes closely and remarks justly; talks, not much indeed, but always with tact and discrimination; is always ready to please and be pleased; and, without being in the slightest degree a flatterer or a parasite, enjoys the happy knack of putting those to whom he speaks in good conceit with themselves."

Ouida has gone on adding syllables to her monosyllabic name of Rame until she has lengthened it out to the four-storied structure of De La Ramé, and yet she prefers to be addressed quite simply by the Frenchy little *nom de guerre* that has put a circle round the globe, and during her last London season she requested to be introduced as Madame Ouida. She had her own way in this matter, as in most other matters, but when the people were brought up to be introduced Madame Ouida frequently turned her back on them and snubbed half London to an unpardonable degree. She grows more eccentric as she grows older, but has cut short the yellow hair she used to wear in juvenile ringlets, although she still affects the white lace costumes, coquettish shoes and rose-lined parasols of the *debutante*. Her intimates say that she has depths of femininity and tenderness which the world that once reviled can never now find; and who can read her wonderful novels and not believe that those depths exist beneath all the fevered extravagance of expression and sentiment which characterize them.

Versailles.

From May till September, on the first and third Sundays of each month, the fountains at Versailles play for a few hours in the afternoon. Each announcement of the fete brings forth thousands anxious to get away from the heat and noise of the great city, to wander at will through the lovely park which is a veritable Eden; but an Eden with all the accessories of art which the genius of man and unlimited command of money could devise. As you are aware, it was planned and laid out under the direction of Le Notre as a royal residence for Louis XIV; and truly it is a lovely spot, with its cool retreats, leafy glades, miniature lakes, exquisite statuary and flashing fountains, some of which throw the water to a height of over 70 feet. The fountains and all the statues through the grounds, under the trees and peeping from grottos are each a *chef d'œuvre* of some celebrated sculptor.

The palace is a long rambling building with no architectural beauties; but the spacious rooms and lofty corridors are filled with treasures of art of every description. There are miles of priceless oil painting by acknowledged masters. In some rooms the history of France, as represented by her battles, is unrolled like a panorama. Another contains the portraits of all the kings and queens of France, from the earliest ages down to Napoleon III and Eugenie. All, except Eugenie, have passed away, and looking at them one feels that the old saying, "The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones," is singularly applicable to kings.

Truly the brush of the painter is a mighty power! For of all the innumerable monuments men have erected to perpetuate their memories, nothing brings them so instantaneously and forcibly before the mind, with all their petty jealousies, vanities, tyrannies, ambitions and self-aggrandisement, and, alas! in how few cases, benevolences and humanities. Some of Horace Vernet's battle scenes are marvellous in their effects, the only thing lacking being the noise and din of battle; and yet, such is their realistic power, that even that one does not miss, until recalled to the fact that it is only canvas and not a real battle one is gazing on.

One room in particular, the Salle des Glaces, deserves notice, not only from its historical associations, but also on account of its magnificent proportions. It contains seventeen immense windows, commanding one of the loveliest views it is possible to imagine. Opposite those windows are the same number of plate glass mirrors, in which the whole exquisite scene, with its trees, grass, lakes, statues and fountains is reproduced. It was in this room that the unfortunate Marie Antoinette was seized by the mob, hurried to the chatelet and eventually to the guillotine.

At the time of the Franco-German war of 1870 and 71, Versailles was the headquarters of the German army; and it was here also that William was declared Emperor of united Germany. During the occupation the soldiers were given strict orders not to destroy any of the works of art—a consideration not shown to similar places, for at St. Cloud, when driven from the position by the fire from Mont Valerian, they set fire to the palace—formerly the residence of Prince Napoleon; and it now stands in the midst of the lovely Park, an unsightly ruin.

One of the finest panoramic views of Paris is from the heights of St. Cloud, which is about seven miles by boat from Paris. The Arc, Pantheon, Ivalides, Mont Martre, spires of the different churches, and, conspicuous above all, la Tour Eiffel are plainly distinguishable with the naked eye.

The Salon, which is in the Palais de l'Industrie, where the Exposition of 1855 was held, is open from May till September of each year, and contains only works of living artists for the current year. Real merit being the basis, any one (no matter what his nationality) is eligible to have his work exposed, provided it passes the judges. This is a board of connoisseurs, which is very difficult to pass, not more than 20 per cent. being successful; while thousands of paintings, modelings, etc., are annually refused for some defect in perspective, coloring, proportions, etc., which an unskilled person would never notice. For those obtaining the honor of a place in the salon, the next step is the Luxembourg and after death the Louvre. To the galleries of the latter none but the approved works of dead artists are ever admitted. Admission to the salon is free to the public on Sundays, when the mass of the people take advantage of it and go in crowds; but a visitor in Paris is very much wiser to pay his franc and go during the week, when he can enjoy it at his leisure without fear of having his clothes torn off him. There is a whole colony of Americans studying art in Paris, some at studios of celebrated artists, others copying the old masters at the Louvre and other art galleries. This year a great many of them exhibited in the salon. Just why the exhibition fell so far below the average this year remains so far unexplained, unless it be that possibly the best artists sent their work to the Exposition in preference, where the collection is very fine indeed. As was to be expected in such an art-loving country, France has carried off the great majority of the prizes, a goodly number going to America and some few to England.

S. A. K.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Sept. 9.

An important cabinet meeting was held Saturday, and the result of it will probably be that no session of Congress will be called before the regular meeting in December. This has not yet formally been announced by the President, from the fact that it is the purpose not to close up the question before all the party leaders have a chance to express themselves, but the matter is looked upon as practically settled by all the secretaries who were present. Secretary Tracy stated that it was as good as assured that no such call would be issued, and Representative Peters of Kansas was advised to that effect when he asked for light upon the subject.

Secretary Tracy was the leader of the opposition to the extra session idea. The rest of the Cabinet had, somehow, become persuaded that there was going to be one anyhow, and the ruler of the navy was a little lonesome at the outstart. He took the incontrovertible ground that if there was going to be a protracted deadlock a month's additional time would be of no consequence, anyhow. If no deadlock occurred there would be plenty of time, anyhow. As the discussion proceeded it was discovered that none of the conspicuous party leaders have pointedly urged an extra session, while several, like Major McKinley, had protested against it. This proved to be the turning point of sentiment. If the President called an extra session the responsibility would be entirely with him, as those party leaders who had expressed themselves as all were opposed to it.

Those who remember the bright, round face and the plump figure of little Mollie Garfield when she was ten or thereabouts, will recognize her in the young wife and mother, Mrs. Stanley Brown, who will come with cool weather to live permanently in Washington. It was a romantic marriage—that of Mrs. Garfield's only daughter, and the courtship commenced way back in the campaign of '80, when Mollie wore short gowns and played with dolls and Stanley Brown was the private and confidential secretary of President Garfield.

The prying public, with true worldly cynicism, would never believe that their "course of love ran smooth," so a few months before the wedding, when Mrs. Garfield and her daughter were abroad selecting the trousseau, the wildest rumors were current of the marriage having been broken off. But the wedding put a quietus on these. Their honeymoon was spent abroad, and their first six months of married life were passed in that delightfully romantic old town of Heidelberg, where Mr. Brown pursued a course at the university. During the coming winter the Browns will occupy their little home on Massachusetts avenue, nearly opposite Mrs. Dahlgren's, which for the past few years has been tenanted by Mr. and Mrs. George Kennan, and it is in the little library upstairs that, surrounded by his books and stock of Siberian curios, most of Mr. Kennan's interesting papers for the *Century* have been penned. The Browns will probably belong to the literary circle of the Capital. Mrs. Garfield's penchant for this is well known, and Mrs. Brown has not only had her mother's influence, but, until his death, that of her father, who possessed a fine literary mind, so that the Kennans will have worthy successors in the little gray house on Massachusetts avenue.

The unwearied chestnut-broker has discovered once more that the Secretary of State is about to retire from the Cabinet. It would be a very chilly day—such an one as we do not get in a Washington September—when the same voracious chronicles of great men's doings could not send Mr. Blaine on some journey he never thought of taking. It would be quite in accord with the Secretary's way of doing things, of course, to make all the preparations for a pan-American Congress, and have everything relating thereto in encouraging shape after years of energetic effort, and then to step out just before he is to see his plans realized.

It is remarkable how soon a family loses what might be called its marketable value after it falls from power. Publishers no longer make handsome offers to Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, photographers have left off importuning Mrs. Cleveland for sittings, and ex-President Cleveland is not considered a valuable card by summer hotel proprietors. There is more money to the speculator in Baby McKee than in the entire Cleveland family.

L.

The Venice of the North.

That is what they call Stockholm which is not fashionable at midsummer. A week before that date all the world has left the Swedish capital, and taken up its abode for the holidays either on the shores of the Malar Lake or on the Saltsjon, as the group of innumerable islands which bars the waterway between Stockholm and the Baltic is called. Although thus quite deserted by the *beau monde* at midsummer, Stockholm is, nevertheless, a very attractive place to the stranger at this time of year, and it is a wonder that more people do not visit it. In the first place, the Swedish climate at this season is nearly perfect. It is just like one of those great rarities—a really fine day in England. There is a bright sunshine, and at the same time a nice breeze from the northern or northeast, so that it is not too hot. Moreover, this excellent sun continues to shine about nineteen or twenty hours out of the twenty-four, and keeps so near to the horizon when it has disappeared from view that it leaves a fine mellow twilight all night. The traveler is therefore never benighted, nor does an early start necessitate that most unpleasant process—getting up in the dark. Then, again, there is board and lodging in Stockholm of the highest class. The Grand Hotel is pronounced upon highly competent authority to be "one of the best hotels in Europe," and the Rydberg, although not quite so well placed, is scarcely inferior in any other respect. At both these hotels, as is the usual custom in Sweden, the feeding and sleeping departments are quite distinct. The restaurant is open at all times. You order what you please, when you please, and pay for it, and are not bound to table d'hotes or fixed hours. But excellent *dejeuners* and *dineres* can always be had at a fixed price, without the trouble of specifying the dishes.

How a Great Poet Was Killed.

It was through the mistake of an eagle that the great Greek tragic poet, Æschylus, came to his end—at least so his biographers tell us. He was in Sicily, on a visit with Hiero, who was occupied in building the town of Etna then, and Æschylus, to gratify his host, had just written a play, called The Etruscans, in which he augured everything auspicious for the new city. As he was sitting out in the fields, an eagle, mistaking his bald head for a rock, dropped upon it from a great height a tortoise, the shell of which he thus intended to crush. The blow killed the hapless poet, however. It is said that this event had been foretold in the following couplet:

> "Thee, Æschylus, a dart from heaven shall slay,
> When treacherous skies portend a fatal day."

Another version of the prophecy is, that a soothsayer foretold that Æschylus would be killed by the fall of a house, and that, when taxed with his false prediction, after the poet's death, he defended himself by saying that the shell of a tortoise is but the house in which the animal dwells. In ancient times, as in modern, these astrologers generally left a loop-hole in their predictions, out of which to creep if hard pressed.

A Man to Admire.

"Are you going to deny that charge you made against me in yesterday's paper?" he thundered at the editor.

"No, sir!!!" thundered back the editor.

"That's right," he said, quickly; "if there is one thing I admire it is a man who sticks by his convictions."—*Time.*

It Frightened Her.

Society Rosebud—Then you think that Jack cares for me?

Old Stager—I'm sure of it. His eyes followed your every movement last night.

(Alarmed)—Gracious! Do you really think he saw all I ate at the supper?—*Time.*

Had Read Them.

Carper—I don't believe anyone ever took genuine pleasure in reading Dhowells' books to a finish.

Meek Man (who has been listening)—I did.

Carper—You did? And pray, excuse me, but may I ask your name, sir?

Meek Man—Certainly. I am Dhowells.

Turning the Crank.

Mr. Grumphy—Why don't you have that window pulled down from the top? It is insufferably hot in here.

Mrs. Grumphy—It is pulled down.

Mr. Grumphy—Well, why didn't you say so before? I could have been shivering an hour ago if I had known it.

Many Orders Ahead.

Mr. Slowpay (airily)—I wish to get measured for a suit of clothes, but it will be about three weeks before I can pay for them, as our pay-day comes only once a month now. How soon can you have them done?

Tailor—Um—let me see. In about three weeks.

None But the Rich Can Do It.

Husband—Those Browns must be deucedly rich, Helen.

Wife—I never heard it; and the girls dress plainly enough, dear knows. What makes you think so?

"They dine at half-past six on Sunday."—*Time.*

Johnny's Joke.

"Johnny," said his father, referring to a much-discussed subject, "what is your favorite flower?"

"Well," replied the boy, reflectively, "it is not the lady's slipper, anyway."

"Why not?"

"Because," he said, feelingly, glancing furtively at his mother's feet, "the lady's slipper makes a Johnny-jump-up."

A Hint to Henry.

"Say, Henry," she said to her bashful lover, "I think I should like to be a stockbroker."

"Wh—why?" stammered Henry.

"Because," replied the wily damsel, "the newspaper says that 'several stockbrokers were squeezed yesterday.'"

They Guessed It The First Time.

"Why," asked the funny boarder at the supper table, "is this beefsteak like our landlady's youthful son?"

"Because," chorussed all his fellow-boarders in unison, "it is a 'little tough.'"

Satisfaction Not Guaranteed.

Small Gladys (at the close of her first Sunday school)—I funk you ought to div my money back, mister, 'cause I don't ye kle dis matinee.

Social Triumphs.

Miss Gotham—Does Mary Minkum, who went to school with me, move in the best society in Chicago?

Mrs. Lakeside (of Chicago)—Dear me, yes. All of her husbands have been pork-packers.

Something Wrong.

The petrified arm of a giant has been dug up in Nebraska. It held in its clenched hand nine large diamonds.—*Chicago News.*

A misdeal; five was all he had any right to hold.—*Light.*

No Chance for Him.

On the City of Paris.

Harry Airlie—Why, my dear Henpeck, what makes you look so fearfully sad?

Mr. Henpeck—My wife is nearly dead from *mal de mer.*

Harry Airlie—But nobody ever dies from seasickness you know.

Mr. Henpeck (breaking down completely)—Well, there's no need of reminding me of that.

Conclusive.

Careful Papa—But which loves Clara most—Brown, Jones or Smith?

Observant Mamma—Why, Mr. Smith, to be sure.

Papa—How can you make that out? Last night Brown asked and pleaded with her to sing; when she finished, Jones was enthusiastic in praise; but Smith didn't say a word!

Mamma—No, but to-night he asked her to sing again——

Papa—Poor Smith, he must, indeed, love her!—*Light.*

A Fallen Mantle.

Mrs. Cronin—Yez know th' leddy Oi washes for on Murray's hill?

Mrs. Hanahan—Oi do.

Mrs. Cronin—Her pblog dog wor afther dyin' an' she gev me th' har-ness t' surprise Pat wid. Kim here, dar-rlin, an' show yourself.—*Judge.*

THE STORY OF AN ERROR

By the Author of "His Wedded Wife," "A Fatal Dower," "Barbara," "Ladybird's Penitence," "Bunchie," "A Foolish Marriage," etc.

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CHAPTER V.

Lady Beacham at last broke the silence with a laugh which sounded forced and mirthless.

"You did not expect such an occurrence, did you? I am very sorry, Frank! I really cannot guess what made me act so stupidly; but I have fainted once or twice lately in this unexpected fashion."

"If I had known that," he said gently, "in would have been careful in imparting news which I felt sure would have some effect upon you."

She turned slightly, and let her eyes rest upon his face with an expression of surprise.

"News?" she echoed languidly. "What news did you impart which you were sure would have some effect upon me?"

He looked at her keenly, then stoop d and picked up the letter from the carpet, where it had remained since it had fallen from her hand.

"Have you so soon forgotten?" he said, raising his eyebrows. Did you read my mother's letter?"

She averted her eyes and played carelessly with her fan.

"Lady Marian's handwriting is rather difficult to read," she said, airily. "I am afraid I did not decipher much."

"Shall I read it to you?" he asked, composedly.

She hesitated; and he saw that she put her hand for a moment to her heart as if she felt a sudden pang there.

"Perhaps I had better leave you," he suggested, speaking with extreme gentleness. "You are suffering still; let me send your maid to you."

"I am perfectly well," she answered. "Sit down. I am quite ready to hear Lady Marian's communication. Let me see—what was it? Some one is married or dead, is it not?"

"Neither. My mother only announces my cousin's engagement. Shall I read the particulars?"

"As you like," she rejoined languidly; but he saw that her fingers closed tightly over her fan, crushing the delicate plumes in their ruthless grasp.

"I will spare you all uninteresting details," he said, unfolding the closely written letter. "My mother of course commences her epistle with reproaches for my silence; my aunt's health also is very unsatisfactory, I regret to say; but she has always been delicate, and it is hoped quiet and country air will restore her."

"I hope so indeed! Lady Sara is a charming person!" interposed Lady Beacham in her most languid tones.

"Then my mother tells me the news," he continued, bending over the delicate old, fashioned Italian handwriting. "She says, 'I shall probably be the first to tell you of Hugh's engagement to Miss Gerant—Sir Humphrey's only child. He has been in love with her ever since they met—when Hugh came down here first to look at Brancepeth before deciding on the purchase. She is a charming girl, Sir Humphrey has given his consent, making only one condition, that Hugh is to assume his wife's name—which he of course is only too charmed to do. The marriage will unite two great fortunes; but it is essentially a love match, and Hugh is very devoted. I find it very interesting to watch the young people together, although I dare say a confirmed old bachelor like yourself would not. The strangest thing is that your aunt, who has always wished Hugh to marry and to whom Stanley behaves in the prettiest manner, seems restless, ill at ease, and unhappy; and, although perhaps one can explain this by——" He broke off abruptly. "That is all that is likely to interest you," he said, after a moment's pause. "I hope I have not bored you dreadfully; but I fancied you would be interested in my tidings."

Lady Beacham's slender fingers closed over her fan with so cruel a grip that one of the tortoiseshell sticks broke in two with a sharp snap, and, with an angry gesture, she threw the fan aside. The first stupefying feeling of anguish was passing away now; she was alive to her suffering—to her passionate jealousy.

"You saw a good deal of Hugh last year, did you not?" he inquired calmly. "He was one of the party on the Proserpine, you know; and he is such a good-looking fellow, and so fascinating too, people say, that I can't help thinking Miss Gerant has made an excellent choice. Besides, he will be so rich that he cannot be suspected of mercenary motives."

The woman before him said nothing; every word he had read, every sentence he had so calmly spoken, had pierced her heart, and she was struggling desperately against the storm of anguish which was threatening to overcome her. She felt that he had fathomed her secret—that he knew only too well what had caused the faintness which had prostrated her—that, when he said that he fancied she would be interested, he was only mocking her. In the bygone days, when he had been quite a young man and she had been a lovely willful girl with only her beauty for her dower, she had made him suffer; but she had thought he had forgiven her. She had learned in the last half-hour that he had not done so—that years of apparently calm and friendly intercourse had left their work undone.

Her lips were tightly compressed, her eyes had darkened stormily—she was struggling with her pride, her passion, her anguish; and he saw the struggle as plainly as he saw her. He put the letter back into his case, slipped the case into his pocket, and rose leisurely.

"I must really not intrude any longer," he said, gently. "I am afraid you have scarcely recovered yet—you look so pale."

She raised her eyes to his with a look of such reproachfulness and pain that it stirred him, cold, proud, unemotional as he was. He started back from her with trembling lips.

"Laura," he stammered, "is it possible? Do you care so much?"

She sprang from her chair and stood erect before h m.

"What do you mean?" she said, passionately, her pride asserting itself for a moment over her anguish. "Care! I? For what? Do you imagine that this wonderful news of yours affects me in any way? Do you think I care whom your cousin marries? What is he to me?" She paused, pressing her hands to her heart as if to still its heavy throbbing; already the strength of her pride was failing her.

"Why do you seek to deceive me?" he asked. "Do you not know that my eyes are keen indeed where you are concerned? Laura, although I knew years ago that my own unchanging, undying love for you could meet with no requital, that knowledge made no alteration in my feelings towards you. I have been, I am, I shall always be, your friend; and I came to you this afternoon because I wished to save you the pain of hearing of Hugh Cameron's engagement from an outsider who might not have kept secret the manner in which you received the news. That I acted wisely in your behalf the event proved. You fainted—"

"The room was hot," she said, breathlessly; "I have not been well; I have fainted twice lately."

He was silent for a few moments, looking at her with an expression of grave compassion which excited her indignation more than anything else could have done.

"You say so, and I am only too glad to believe you," he said calmly. "You looked well when you came into the room; so that it was not unnatural I should imagine that what I had said had upset you. Remember, I was one of Lord Algernon's party on board the Proserpine; and others, like myself, may have been deceived by what we saw there. But I must apologize for my presumption in forming such an opinion. It is absurd to suppose that, if you had secured Cameron so greatly, he would have sought any other——"

"Be silent!" she exclaimed wildly. "You are torturing me! What right——"

"Torturing you!" he echoed, with well-feigned amazement. "Ah"—as she turned from him with a gesture of despair—"then you do care, Laura!"

"Care!" She turned to him again, her lovely face distorted by passion, her eyes flashing, her hands clenched. "Care!" she repeated. "You know I care! Your comedy has deceived me as little as mine has deceived you! You have tortured me during this terrible half hour as no man who ever once loved me as you say you did would have done! Now it is my turn to torture you!" She had lost all self-control now; she was trembling in every limb, her lips were colorless, her eyes as dark as night. "Yes; it was your news which made me faint," she said between her teeth. "You may lay that flattering unction to your soul, if it pleases you! I honored your cousin as greatly as you suspected; I loved and I love him with a love which you are as incapable of understanding as you are of feeling—with a love so great that it would have forced his love in return if——"

"If Stanley Gerant had not come between you," he interposed coldly. "But she has come, you see; and she has won him—even from you."

His voice was clear, cold and steady; every trace of the momentary agitation which had made his lips quiver had vanished; no greater contrast to her passion could have been found than his composure. At the words, incisive and stinging, fell upon her ears, she put out her hand and caught at the mantelshelf for support.

"Even from you," he continued. "Where your beauty failed—great as it is—hers succeeded. He did not love you; he loves her. She will be his wife, his companion, he will be loved; you will be an acquaintance—hardly a friend. And you will know by your own experience how others have suffered—through you."

His lips were almost white as he ceased to speak. She stood motionless, one hand pressed to her heart. Her first feeling of outraged pride and womanly dignity was lost in the fierce jealousy his words had aroused in her. Until now her life had known no rival save the beautiful dowerless daughter of a country clergyman of some standing, she had married at twenty for wealth and position. Her husband, a man some years her senior, had never touched her heart—had never awakened in the smallest degree the smouldering passion beneath her cold, languid manner, so haughty, so disdainful. She had been a faithful wife, and had worthily borne his name; she was too proud to have acted otherwise.

She had been two years a widow when all the latent passion within her suddenly sprang into life with all the fierceness of her ardent nature. It came to her later than it comes to most women, and it came with greater power and took a firmer hold upon her. The knowledge of Hugh Cameron's love for another was intolerable to her; it seemed to cause all life and strength to ebb away from her; she looked old, haggard, despairing, as she stood there among her luxurious surroundings, the soft, rich folds of her white robe falling about her, her eyes fixed upon his.

"I understand you now," she said. "This is your revenge for my rejecting you twelve years ago. You have waited long and patiently; but your vengeance has come at last—and it is complete."

"Laura!" he exclaimed; but with an angry gesture she silenced him. "Is it not enough?" she asked bitterly. "Are you not satisfied? Have you not gloated enough over my suffering? Is your thirst for revenge not slaked yet? Does it give you pleasure to know that my heart is turned to ice and my life is darkened for ever? If it does, look at me and gratify yourself to the utmost!"

A compassionate smile curved his lips—a smile which added to her pain. "You are unjust," he said gently. "That you suffer is no fault of mine. That I regret the cause of your suffering you must believe."

"Then leave me!" she muttered, throwing herself moodily into a chair.

"How can I leave you thus?" he asked calmly. "Would you wish your servants to see you in this condition? Are you fit to be left alone? Nay, your agitation has become so great that I am glad I brought this news to you myself. How bitterly you would have suffered had you betrayed your unhappy love to one less true to you than I!"

She shuddered at the thought; and the keen eyes watching her did not fail to note the fact.

"You have accused me of cruelty," he went on—"of gloating over my revenge. Your accusations are baseless and unjust. I loved you well in the past; I love you still, and I would gladly have spared you this if I could. Do you think I have cast me nothing to see you stricken down by the tidings of Hugh Cameron's engagement? If I had known your love for him was so great, I think—I think I should not have dared to come!"

The slight tremor which for one brief moment had broken the usually even tones was more impressive in this self possession than a far greater display of emotion in another would have been. It touched his hearer, absorbed in her own grief though she was.

"Forgive me!" she murmured.

"Forgive you!" he exclaimed. "After twelve long years of anguish when I came to you, I may well forgive you a few minutes more or less! Laura, where is your pride—where is your courage? Have they failed you entirely at the very onset of the fight? Will out a struggle, without an effort, do you yield the man whom you love to the girl who has won him from you? Are you wonderful indeed? Do you, who have so many at your feet—do you yield the palm to her?"

The woman, filled with a passion rare in him, seemed to inspire her with new life and vigor. She rose from her chair with sudden energy, and for a moment they looked at each other in silence.

"Engagements have been made and broken," he said, steadily; "lovers' vows are not always kept. You have misjudged me; you have doubted my love. Shall I prove your error by telling you that, if I choose, this marriage between Hugh Cameron and Miss Sidney Gerant's daughter shall never take place?"

She seized his arm with both her hands.

"What do you mean?" she gasped, eagerly. "You can part them! But—but he loves her!"

"The refusal shall not come from him," he answered.

"She will refuse him!" she exclaimed, incredulously.

"That seems to be impossible," he said, with an irrepressible sneer. "But you can believe me—Stanley Gerant will, if I choose; refuse Hugh Cameron, and leave him free to love you, if he will."

"You can do this?" she exclaimed wildly, putting one hand to her throat and tearing at the delicate laces as if they oppressed her. "Tell me how—tell me how!"

"I can tell you nothing until you are calmer," he said quietly. "Are you in a fit state to be trusted with a secret which involves the honor of several families? Dare I confide in you now that by betraying which I lose all claim to be called an honorable man? You say I have never loved you," he added bitterly; "yet for your sake I am going to turn traitor!"

"You may trust me," she rejoined, recovering her self control by a strong effort—"I am calm now. My heart could scarcely bear the relief your words gave it—that is all. You may trust me."

He looked at her keenly. The rich laces torn asunder had left her snowy throat bare, her eyes looked all the brighter for the dark circles beneath them, her face all the fairer for its pallor. The love and passion in his heart made it hard for him to find words just then.

"You will trust me?" she urged, with a sweet bewildering smile which was as power ful as any charm in his middle age as it had been in his eager, impetuous youth. "You may trust me, Frank!"

Her voice was full of a languid sweetness, her eyes pleaded and at the same time commanded, and yet—to be a traitor, to be false to his trust, to sacrifice his friend, to fall to his depths of shame and ignominy, to commit an act which his code of honor held worse than a crime! Could he sink so low even for her?

He hesitated only for a few brief moments; then he drew his chair to her side and told her all.

CHAPTER VI.

Afternoon tea was over; the empty tea-cups, the half empty cake and fruit dishes, bore testimony to the fact. Two tall footmen were carrying away the wicker tea tables, brass trays, and Japanese cups to be washed; while the women in their tea-gowns strolled languidly about the lawn, or reclined on their Salisbury chairs in the shadow of the great Spanish chestnut trees.

The day had been very hot even for August; and Lady Hartop and her guests had felt languid and indolent, and had half plied and half envied the men shooting on the moors, where there would surely be a sweet, fresh, heather-scented breeze to temper the ardent beams of the sun.

Combermere, Lord Hartop's place on the Yorkshire moors, although it might have claimed a higher title than that of shooting-box, by which he designated it, was not a stately mansion; but it was roomy, comfortable, and beautifully situated, with very views of hills and moorland and within three or four miles of a quaint and picturesque seaside town. It was a long stone house, ivy-grown here and there, with wings which had been added at various times, and with many quaint low-celled rooms, which, under Lady Hartop's artistic superintendence, were cheerfully comfortable and in perfect taste. There was a long low-celled drawing-room opening on to a verandah over which wisteria and Virginia creeper clambered; a delightful library, billiard and smoking rooms; three or four smaller parlors, as Lady Hartop liked her sitting-rooms to be called, and a score or more of comfortable sleeping apartments, exclusive of those in the bachelors' wing. During the shooting season the house was usually filled with the prettiest women and the cleverest and most eligible men in that small number of distinguished personages who make up "society" properly so called.

Very few of these distinguished personages ever refused an invitation to Combermere. Lady Hartop's Yorkshire parties were much pleasanter than house-parties at many stately mansions; she knew so well how to get the right people together. It rarely happened that a bore penetrated into her circle. She had a few delightful foreigners among her acquaintance, whose easy and graceful chatting supplied just the charm her more sober country-men lacked; and there were always three or four men especially popular with the fair sex, of enthusiastic talk about shooting, and therefore required no persuasion to desert the sportsmen and remain in attendance upon the ladies.

About a dozen women were sitting on the lawn, were gathered on the velvety green lawns. The fierce heat of the day had somewhat abated; a faint breeze had sprung up which scarcely stirred the glossy leaves of the Spanish chestnut-trees, but brought a freshness with it which was pleasant after the oppressive sultriness of the full noontide. In the house the windows were all open; but the striped blinds were down, shading the rooms within. The flower-gardens were glorious in the full glory of their blossoms, and the scent of the late roses was filling the air.

Three or four young men and maidens were talking of tennis and suggesting the possibility of a set before the dressing-bell rang. Presently they went away to the tennis-courts on the other side of the house; and Stanley Gerant, who had formed one of the group, came back to the shade of the great tree under which Lady Hartop and one of her friends were sitting.

"Oh, he was wild about her," the friend was saying, as she drew one silken thread from her embroidery—"we could all see that! And we fancied she returned his affection; but we were mistaken. Still his engagement took us all by surprise; and we wondered that Sir Humphrey——"

She paused abruptly. Stanley's approach had been unnoticed, for light footwork made no bole on the velvety turf; but Lady Hartop, perceiving her, had flashed a warning look at her friend and silenced her. There was nothing in Stanley's fair, serene face however to betray that, if she had overheard the words, she had applied them to herself; yet there was the equal lack of embarrassment in Lady Hartop's manner as she gave Miss Gerant a bright little smile of greeting.

"Has tennis no charms for you, Stanley?" she asked; while a man in a velvet coat, who had been stretched on the greensward at her feet, sprang up to draw forward a wicker-chair for Stanley.

"Not to-day," the girl answered, smiling, as she sat down.

"Tennis should never have charms for Miss Gerant," interposed the young man impressively. "It would seem sacrilege to see her wielding the racket!"

Stanley laughed, and Lady Hartop glanced at the speaker with some amusement.

"Why?" she said lightly.

"Can you ask?" he answered. "One could almost as easily imagine the Venus of Milo playing at ball!"

Lady Hartop glanced at Stanley comprehensively. The girl looked very stately in her soft white gown, which was simply made and caught at the waist with a massive silver belt of Scots and steel, from which hung a *chatelaine*. Her hostess thought that repose suited Stanley better than the exertion and energy of a tennis player.

"You understand, don't you?" the young man continued eagerly. He was very handsome, very impressionable, and artistic; he thought himself a poet; and there were moments when he hated Hugh Cameron, or thought he hated him, because he was the successful lover.

"One cannot picture her a man's wife," he had said impatiently once to Lady Hartop, who liked the boy because he was the son of a dear friend and because he was simple and kindly and true-hearted with all his folly and occasional affectations, "ordering dinner and making calls and dressing in the fashion! She looks so pure and proud and serene, like a goddess! I wonder any man in the world had the audacity to make love to her!"

"Oh, yes—I understand!" Lady Hartop answered, laughing; while Stanley's proud lips were curved in a smile of amused incredulity and contempt. "Miss Gerant is too stately for tennis. I wonder what you will think of Lady Beacham," she added. "You have not seen her yet, Carlos."

"She has come?" queried Stanley, looking up eagerly.

"Oh, yes!" replied Lady Hartop. "She came while we were at luncheon; but she was very tired, and begged to be excused until dinner. I don't think she is strong," she added, turning to the lady whose confidences Stanley's unexpected approach had interrupted. "You, Mrs. Debrett, who knew her so well, can tell us perhaps?"

Mrs. Debrett looked up from her work, in which she seemed greatly interested. She was a pretty woman, still young, with rather thin lips and an abundance of fair hair, which was plaited round her shapely head with almost aggressive neatness.

"I have never heard her complain," she replied, calmly. "I believe she takes chloral to make her sleep, like many great ladies and fashionable belles. Doctor Debrett often deplores the practice."

"I don't think it is so very common," remarked Lady Hartop smilingly. "It is to be hoped not, as it is no doubt very injurious. Poor Lady Beacham looks only tired, I dare say, after her journey; but she looked so pale that I became alarmed."

"Oh, she is always pale!" Mrs. Debrett observed carelessly, holding her sleek flaxen head on one side as she contemplated her work. "They call her a woman of snow, I believe, she is so white and so cold. I am sure Mr. Melville will find her a charming subject for a sonnet."

Carlos Melville smiled absently; he did not think he should find the great beauty so entrancing. She will be like every one else, he told himself; while Stanley's special charm for him was that she was utterly unlike the rest of the pretty high-bred fashionable women of the great world. She too was as white as snow, if not as cold; he thought, looking up at her as she sat with the crimson cushions of her wicker-chair making so artistic a background for her pale loveliness; and he wondered what had brought a faint shadow upon her fair, proud face. She had been a little unlike herself all day, the young man thought. Could it be that the coming of Lady Beacham had excited her? Was Stanley Gerant, who seemed so pure, so proud, so serene, capable of jealousy, and a fiercer heat than could be exposed from her sovereignty of beauty? She had reigned supreme at Combermere, and, although she seemed so indifferent to her power, she might feel that the sceptre she held so carelessly might be wrested from her grasp and given to another.

There was some truth in his supposition; for Stanley had felt strangely excited at the thought of Lady Beacham's arrival, though she was unloved with herself for looking forward to, and yet dreading the arrival of this queen of beauty whom she remembered only too well. It vexed her greatly to think that she, Stanley, felt a certain uneasiness and undefined jealousy when she recalled Lady Beacham's supreme loveliness and grace. What if Hugh Cameron had admired her! Had not every man done so? "And London," Lois had said to those half-careless half-malicious sentences which Stanley could not forget. Why should he not look forward to seeing her again, if it were true, as Lola Bateman has asserted, that he did admire her?

They were old friends; Hugh had known her ladyship long before he had known Stanley; and could it be that the woman who was so sure of his love could be jealous of the woman who was merely his friend? Stanley had told herself again and again that it was impossible; and yet she was jealous—in her inmost heart she was jealous.

(To be Continued.)

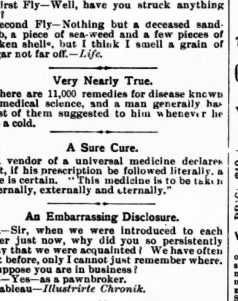
His Choice.

"Where do you think," said she,
"The World's Fair ought to be?"

He drew her to his side,
And hugging her replied,
"I'm satisfied my dear,
To hold the fair right here."

—TOM MASSON.

Dull Digestions at the Grocery Store.



First Fly—Well, have you struck anything yet!

Second Fly—Nothing but a deceased sand-crab, a piece of sea-weed and a few pieces of broken shells, but I think I smell a grain of sugar not far off.—*Life.*

Very Nearly True.

There are 11,000 remedies for disease known to medical science, and a man generally has most of them suggested to him whenever he has a cold.

A Sure Cure.

A vendor of a universal medicine declares that, if his prescription be followed literally, a cure is certain. "This medicine is to be taken internally, externally and eternally."

An Embarrassing Disclosure.

A—Sir, when we were introduced to each other just now, why did you so persistently deny that we were acquainted? We have often met before, only I forgot and remember where. I suppose you are in business?

B—Yes—as a pawnbroker.

Tableau—*Illustrirte Chronik.*

He Kept Within Bounds.

A party of English visitors was being shown round a famous Scotch abbey, and one, who gave himself the air of being the wit of the company, said to the guide:

"Yes, we did feel—we don't want any cock-and-bull stories about this place; tell us what you are sure is true—the exact truth, you know.

"Ay, sir," replied the guide, and walked on in silence. He led the party through the abbey, and then turning at the gate, said:

"Ye've seen the auld abbey!"

"Yes," said the young Englishman, "but can't you tell us by whom it was built, or anything else about it?"

"The exact truth," returned the Scot, "is—that's the auld abbey. I canna swear to ony mair about it," and he left them.

Rather Flattering.

Mr. Oldboy—Miss Laubury, do you love me?

Miss Laubury (with emphasis)—Love you! I venerate you!

Journalism.

The fascinations of the press are great. To an editor upon the contrary it requires, according to the Marquis of Salisbury, who, during a period of estrangement from his father, was partly dependent on his pen, the sole requirement is "brains." His lordship's opinion that comparatively little training is necessary will not be readily accepted by those who are practically acquainted with the working of a newspaper in these days, when it can no longer be said that the best writing is done by young men of leisure in other professions. Brains alone will not produce a good leading article, notwithstanding that this is one of the three feats of which every man believes himself capable. An amusing illustration of the fallacy was furnished in a provincial office. One of the proprietors, a carpet manufacturer, wrote a leader. It was submitted to the editor, a gentleman distinguished in his calling, and appeared next morning in a form hardly recognizable by the writer. The carpet manufacturer complained. He had read many a leader, and thought that he could write one. "Sir," replied the editor, tapping the floor with his foot, "I have walked on many a carpet, yet I never thought I could make one." Leading writing is not the only branch of journalism that demands, in addition to brains, a combination of qualities rarely found in one man.

Too Careless.

Mistress—Have you that ribbon for my hair Maid—Yes, mum, but——

"But what?"

"Now I've mislaid the hair!"

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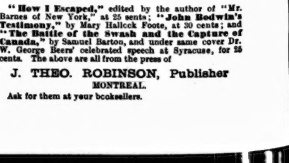

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Lord Elwyn's Daughter

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CHAPTER XXV.

In visiting Kathleen in her London house Sir Adrian Deverell had no intention of unworthily yielding to the temptation which to longer in her presence had long since become to him. On the contrary, he told himself very straightforwardly that all intercourse betwixt him and her must in the future necessarily come to an end. It was impossible that he could continue to be the friend of a woman whom his wife declared to know. He had done his best to soften Lucille's heart towards the friendless orphan and to induce her to hold out a kind hand to her; but he had utterly failed in his endeavor, and there was nothing left to him to do save to avoid the society of the girl he had so ardently desired to befriend. For her own good name's sake, if for nothing else, this would be necessary when he was married to Lucille.

Moreover, Adrian knew his own weakness. He loved Kathleen, and he knew that she loved him. This being the case, he was determined that when he was married no trying meetings for him and for her should take place. He would not imperil his honor, and his duty to the woman who would be bound to him; nor would he risk the peace of mind of the woman he loved.

Nevertheless, before that day arrived which was to part her from him for ever, there was a duty which it was still his place to perform for her—and this duty he was determined to fulfil. He had made it his business to sift the causes of her father's death and to clear her name from aspersions which he was convinced were cruel and without foundation; he was also bound to fulfil his promise of seeing her safely rid of all connection with the hated name of the wretched Darley.

He made up his mind that when he had seen her through these difficulties—when he had vindicated her name so that it should be left as fair and spotless as herself—then, and not before, would he marry Lucille Maitland and bid Kathleen an adieu that to the best of his power should be eternal. Filled with these thoughts, he had walked down to Claymore Gardens this afternoon firmly resolved to do this, and no more than this. His friendship he would prove to her; his love he was determined to subdue.

His face as he greeted her was grave and even cold, the clasp of his hand was no more than friendliness required, and, although inwardly his heart beat wildly at the sight of her beauty and sweetness, no sign of his emotion could be discovered in the quiet and commonplace words which he addressed to her.

He had come to inquire after her health, and he had come to speak to her about the escape of the prisoner from Colchester Gaol. A curious silence fell upon her as he mentioned it. She sat down and looked at her own trembling hands as they lay clasped together in her lap. As in a dream, she listened to his words.

"They have not yet caught him, you know. I have been to Scotland Yard and made inquiries of the chiefs of the department. There is no news of him; it is believed that he has escaped abroad—and yet every ship carrying passengers which has left the principal ports in England has been searched in vain. For your sake—and for his too, poor wretch!—I could not but rejoice if we were never to hear of him again. He has perhaps got away in some fishing smack—and there has been rough weather; many boats have been lost about our coasts. There is indeed a faint clue that such is the case; a man answering to some ways to the description of him did sail just before the storms of last week in a herring smack bound for the North Sea, which is believed to have gone down with all on board. Kathleen, I earnestly hope that poor Alfred's murderer was that man. It would be, I am sure, a relief to you to feel that he has paid with many brave men have died, and that the compunion of your childhood has been spared a more shameful death."

Still Kathleen sat with bent head and answered nothing. Then the door opened softly, and Mary Hale crept in, and, going up to Kathleen's chair, whispered something in her ear. She started and looked up with awe-struck eyes.

"This is Sir Adrian Deverell, is it not?" said Mary.

Adrian bowed.

"Have you told him, Kathleen?"

"No; I am afraid to tell him, Mary. Will you tell him for me?"—and she turned and hid her face on Mary's shoulder.

Deverell looked in bewilderment from one to the other. Even at that moment he was struck with Mary Hales's sensible, pleasant face, and felt inspired with a confidence as to her suitability to be Kathleen's companion.

"There is not very much to tell you, Sir Adrian," she said seriously, "and yet it is most important that you alone of all people in the world should know the truth. Under the assumed name of Thomas Jones a poor escaped criminal, five minutes ago, died peacefully and without consciousness upstairs.

"Great heavens, do you mean Darley? He has died in this house?" exclaimed Adrian, startled excessively by so unlooked-for a piece of news.

Mary nodded.

"Yes; a doctor has seen him within the last hour, and is now signing the certificate of his death from acute inflammation of the lungs. Kathleen and I have nursed him under this roof for thirty-six hours. The case was utterly hopeless from the first. The doctor, Mr. Blakely, is most kind; he will see to all that is necessary; he quite understands that my cousin, Thomas Jones, had just come home in broken health from New Zealand, and that, save myself, he has not a living relative on this side of the world. Do you understand, Sir Adrian?"

"For it was thus that Mary had perfected and worked out the little romance concerning the poor sinner who had just passed to his judgment at another and higher tribunal than those of this world.

Everything subsequently was carried out and with no trouble.

Mr. Blakely was a somewhat easy-going young man, and Mary's gray eyes and soft-toned voice had not been without a certain effect upon him. He was ready to take everything she said for granted, and to do everything she asked of him. When she said a little pathetically to him:

"Pray keep the whole thing for us, Mr. Blakely. My poor cousin was not a relative to be proud of—he had been the black sheep of the family in his youth; for my own sake and that of my friends, I do not want this unfortunate affair talked about or inquired into."

Then Mr. Blakely promised eagerly that he would attend most scrupulously to her wishes.

"But," he said—and it was not the first time he had said it—"you ought to have summoned me earlier; it was not right not to call in a medical man at once."

"I know that," answered Mary, with quite a humble and penitent air; "but the poor fellow had such an unreasonable horror of doctors, and I felt there was no hope from the first moment I met him at the docks and brought him here. There is one reason why I want you to help me, because I am afraid I might be blamed for not doing all I might have done."

"No one shall blame you; leave it all to me," answered the young physician, fervently, as he stood holding her hand in the hall—in fact, he stood holding for a somewhat longer period than politeness strictly required; and then, after a pause, he added suddenly, "And, after the funeral and all this trouble is over, would you allow me to call and see you—just as a friend, you know—in order to prescribe a little tonic for you? I don't think you look very strong."

Mary, looking up suddenly into Mr. Blakely's face, discovered for the first time that he was rather a good-looking young man, and blushed a little as she made the discovery. And then—she never afterwards could tell why—she gave him the permission he had asked for—to call and prescribe a tonic for her.

So Tom Darley was buried in an unknown grave in the heart of one of the great London cemeteries; and to this day only three people in the world know that he was not Mary Hale's New Zealand cousin, Thomas Jones.

One question that Adrian had put to Kathleen upon the occasion of this his first visit to her was whether she could tell him where he could find Mrs. Hyam, the hired nurse who had attended her father. Kathleen had answered him touch as Lady Elwyn had done.

"No; I cannot tell you. I believe she came from some nursing institute. But no doubt Doctor Grieves at Clorchester could give her address."

"I have written to him; but I think he must be away. He has not answered my letter."

"Why do you want to find her?"

"I want to know for your sake, Kathleen."

"I do not understand."

"There seem to me to be some mystery about your poor father's last moments. You know we have talked of this before. I am determined to get to the bottom of it."

"I do not see for what purpose," answered the girl wearily—and her eyes wet with tears. "Nothing can bring him back to me. Why not let it all rest?"

"It cannot be allowed to rest," replied Adrian a little sternly; and then suddenly he bent forward and, taking her hand in his, said very earnestly, "Kathleen, there are persons—your enemies—who wickedly say that you were directly the cause of your father's sudden end!"

"Oh, how cruel—how terribly cruel!" she exclaimed, in deep distress. "It is Lady Elwyn, I suppose! She has disliked me and been unkind to me ever since the first day she set eyes upon me. It is she and—and—and—" And then she stopped short and colored deeply all over her fair young face.

"Yes," he answered hurriedly; for he knew the other name that had trembled upon her lips, but which, for his sake, she was unwilling to utter. "Yes; and Lady Elwyn has half converted the old Duke by her insinuations against you as well, I fear."

"My father's old friend! Oh, it is too much!" cried the girl, wringing her hands together.

"Now, Kathleen, we must stop this scandal—you and I between us," said Deverell firmly.

"Alas—how! Is it not almost an impossible thing to arrest a slander that has once been set afloat. If they only knew how I loved my dear father—how I miss him every hour that I live—how I would give my very life to bring him back only for a single hour!"

"I know—I know!" he murmured convulsingly. "And so, for the sake of that love, my dear, I ask you to dry your tears and to help me to get at the truth of these accusations."

"You are very good to me, Sir Adrian; I will do anything you tell me to do," she answered humbly. She struggled with her tears and prepared to listen to him with calmness.

"Kathleen, now this poor wretched man is dead, I pray you to have no concealments from me about him. Was there anything in your relations with him that—that might have given your father his death-warrant had he discovered it? Ah, forgive me for asking! I entreat you not to be angry with me!"

"How dare you ask it? Can you believe such evil things of me?" she cried indignantly.

"If Great heavens, no—I believe nothing of you but what is good! Do not do me such a frightful injustice even in a moment of anger! But I implore you to tell me the whole truth, so that I may not be found fighting your battles in the dark."

She sat down again and put her hand penitently back into his. He knelt over it for one moment. Heaven only knew how he longed to press passionate kisses upon that little blue-veined cream-white hand; but, after a brief struggle with himself, he only pressed it gently, and then laid it back again near its fellow upon the soft black folds of her dress.

"I will tell you everything," she said presently. "You want to know the secret that has haunted me ever since my father took me away from Mayfield Farm where I was brought up? It is not such a very dreadful one after all; and yet Heaven knows I have found it hard enough to bear sometimes! You know that I was taught to believe myself Farmer Dobson's daughter. I was very fond of him and of his wife, whom I looked upon as my mother. Poor Tom Darley was a young farmer in the parish. He was industrious and steady, and, although I did not at the time understand what his attentions meant, I see now that he paid assiduous court to me, and I know he wished to marry me. I believe both Mr. and Mrs. Dobson, believing that my father would never trouble himself any more about me, and thinking that it would be a very good settlement for me, encouraged Tom in every possible way, so that he came to look upon me as his future wife, although he had never asked me to marry him.

"Did you ever love him, Kathleen?"

"Honestly, never! But I was young and ignorant, and I suppose I liked him, and that he flattered my childish vanity by running after me."

"And did he never speak to you then?"

"Never until the day came when my father wanted to take me away. Then he told me he loved me, and entreated me not to go. I was very unhappy at having to leave the Dobsons, and Tom frightened me rather, and I was weak and silly; and so, in an evil moment, I promised to marry him when I was twenty-two, because he told me that I should be of age then, and could do as I liked in spite of my father."

"And was that all?" murmured Adrian, with a sigh of relief.

"All—save that I gave a rose as a token of my promise, which he was to send back to me when he intended to come and claim me. You know how he sent it—you saw me receive the faded flower."

"Yes; shall I ever forget that terrible evening?"

"And then I went out to meet him—for he hung about the Castle incessantly, and I had caught sight of him in my walks and rides."

"My poor child, what an existence you must have led!"

"Yes—it was dreadful. But I made it ten times worse that day by renewing my promise to him."

"Why on earth did you do that? It was a fatal mistake."

"Yes; but he had the power of terrifying me from the first by threats of what he would do."

"What did he threaten?" Adrian leaned forward eagerly; he felt that the answer to this question was the key to the whole situation.

A vivid blush rose slowly to her face, and her eyes fell beneath his.

"He threatened to kill the man I loved," she said at last, in a low voice.

For a few moment he was silent, not knowing how to answer her. He saw now how strong must have been the love which she had given him—strong enough even for self-sacrifice, so only that she might save the lover who could be nothing to her.

"I owe my life to you, Kathleen," he said presently, in a low choked voice.

"No, no," she cried, with a wail of wretchedness—"do not say so—because I diverted his suspicions from you, and so poor Alfred died in your place; and I shall feel myself for ever to have been guilty of his death!"

"Kathleen," said Adrian presently, "why on earth did you not tell your father all this, and claim his protection from this man?"

"Ah, why indeed! It is what I shall never cease to regret to the last hour of my life. But I was afraid. My father was very proud. I knew that my mother's low birth was a very sore point with him. He was so fond of me that he could not bear to remember that my mother's humble origin might reproduce itself in her child. He would have considered it a horrible disgrace if I had told him that I was pledged to marry a man in poor Tom's position, who had fallen considerably, too, from the respectable place he once held amongst his fellows. I feared his anger and his contempt; I was afraid to tell my father the truth."

"And so," said Adrian slowly, "some one else took the words out of your mouth and told him more than the truth!"

Their eyes met. The same thought was in both their minds. How easily the little history of her girlish mistake and its consequences might have been twisted in dexterous hands into something far blacker and far more unendurable to the fond pride of a father! How simply the complications which had beset her path and her own terrors and confusion might have been interpreted by the malice of an enemy into an appearance of guilt of the deepest dye, and of the worst sin of which a woman could be capable! Some one had undoubtedly done this.

Who was the enemy who had done it? And how had that enemy been able to penetrate to the bedside of the sick man in order to breathe into his ears the foul things that were to shatter all his hopes concerning his young daughter? These were the questions which they both asked of themselves, but which neither of them dared to put into words.

"We must find Mrs. Hyam," was all that Deverell said after that significant pause. "I am determined that, whatever the cost, whatever the shame to myself and to others, the truth shall be known." And then he wished her good-bye and left her.

Walking away towards towards through the dark streets, Sir Adrian Deverell felt that conversation with Kathleen had not been waste of time. The subject was narrowing itself to his perceptions. The persons who could have penetrated alone into Lord Elwyn's bed-chamber were very few in number—those who desired to do his daughter an injury fewer still.

Then he remembered how it had been said that Mrs. Hyam had run out and met Lucille, and had told her to fetch Mr. Williams—presumably it was to alter something in his will that he was to be summoned in such a hurry. And Lucille, when she entered, had been mistaken for Kathleen by the father in his delirium, and so he had cursed her. Why should he have cursed Kathleen, seeing that a short hour before he had parted with her on the most loving terms, and that she had promised him to marry Alfred? After that promise had been given, some one must assuredly have poisoned his mind against his child. Who was that some one?

At the bottom of his heart Adrian had very little doubt; who it was; and his brow grew black, and he set his teeth together as it came home more and more to him.

"I do not care," he muttered; "I will unmask her wickedness at any cost! Nothing shall induce me to marry her if it indeed was she. And who else, seeing that Lady Elwyn was down-stairs in the dining-room with the doctors at the time—who else save Lucille, could have gone alone into that sick-room and told that vile story?" And he strode along through the shadowy London streets with a perfect tempest of rage and indignation—ay, and of hatred and loathing—storming at his heart.

(To be Continued.)

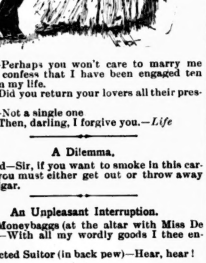
How a Girl Got Engaged.

Across the fields as we idly strolled,
In the cloudless summer day,
The winds were wafting the rare perfume
From the meadows of new mown hay,
And our hearts were still, as our lips kept time
To our steps on the pleasant way.

And down where the brook like a wayward child,
Rushes on o'er the pebbly floor,
And sprinkles the rocks with its diamond spray,
And ripples along the shore,
We stopped at the crossing; I gave him my hand,
And trustingly followed him o'er.

And when in the twilight, we came again;
Our lips for the once were still,
And he held my hands as we crossed the stream,
And hardly against my will;
For I gave my heart where I gave my hand,
At the foot of the rustic rill.

And when in the shade of the vine clad porch
We parted it seemed to me,
The stars were twinkling in rare delight,
Though I'm sure no eye could see
If the spot on my cheek had a crimson blush,
Any my heart an ecstacy.



She—Perhaps you won't care to marry me when I confess that I have been engaged ten times in my life.

He—Did you return your lovers all their presents?

She—Not a single one

He—Then, darling, I forgive you.—*Life*

A Dilemma.

Guard—Sir, if you want to smoke in this carriage, you must either get out or throw away your cigar.

An Unpleasant Interruption.

Old Moneybaggs (at the altar with Miss De Pride)—With all my wordly goods I thee endow.

Rejected Suitor (in back pew)—Hear, hear!

The Tables Turned.

First Club Man—Ah, good morning, Jaggs! Ha, ha, ha! I'll bet your wife gave you fits when you got home last night. You were tight as—

Second Club Man (wildly)—Don't you laugh, you grinning idiot. She wasn't there. She eloped with a man who doesn't drink.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

A Soft Answer.

Mrs. Blinkers—There, now, what do you think of that? Mrs. Winkers' husband won't let her use anything but real lace handkerchiefs.

Mr. Blinkers (wise in his generation)—Well, I wouldn't either if I was her husband. She has one of those horrid, sore-looking noses that turn half-red with the slightest rub.

[Mrs. B. glances in the mirror at her delicate, white proboscis and subsides.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

"What's der matter, Sammy?"

"I stoled some green apples out'n Hibbs's orchard."

"Did de ole man catch yer?"

"No; I eat de apples."

Arresting His Appetite.

Mrs. Youngbride—I was thinking, Bridget, if you had a mother you could give her the things left over from the table.

Bridget—Shure, mum, she's bin in her grave fur years, bless her sowl.

Mrs. Youngbride—That's a pity. I never like to see anything wasted.

Bridget—Don't trouble yesilf on thet score, mum. Div'e jest mashed the cop on the bate.

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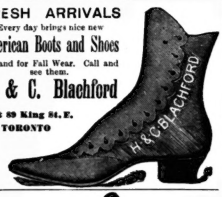

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Sir John at the Show

After formally declaring the Exhibition open, Sir John and Lady Macdonald viewed the various exhibits. They first repaired to the annex for the purpose of inspecting and listening to that latest marvel of musical instruments, the vocalion. As the distinguished party entered the annex the National Anthem pealed forth, and the purity, beauty, power, and carrying property of the vocalion were made apparent. The original idea of the vocalion belongs to Mr. J. Bailie Hamilton of England, who with his wife, Lady Evelyn Hamilton (sister of the Marquis of Lorne), are now making a trip through Canada, and who were both present at the performance given. This gentleman as a musical acoustician, has proved his power by the vocalion.

To gain the purity, beauty and variety of the human voice in a musical instrument has been the dream of the organists and organ manufacturers from the time these instruments were first manufactured, but with the cabinet organ power has always been gained at the cost of tonal quality, while the pipe organ manufacturer has been unable to secure variety without making the instrument of such large dimensions as to preclude the possibility of its use except in the largest buildings. Moreover, even then that perfect vocal quality was wanting, but with the vocalion the construction is practically the same as the process employed by nature in the production of tone, and the tone emitted has all that purity, beauty, variety, intrinsic musical value, power, and carrying property of the human voice, making this the instrument for solo, orchestral, or devotional purposes. Lady Macdonald exactly expressed the purpose for which the vocalion is adapted when she remarked yesterday, as the full diapason pealed through the building, immediately followed by the most delicate pianissimo, "What a blessing that invention will be to the small churches," while Sir John expressed surprise that such volume with so perfect a tone could be gained from anything but a pipe organ, and the same surprise has been expressed by all. The members of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, recently in convention here, said, on hearing the vocalion, "Scientists have always claimed that a diapason tone could not be obtained from a reed, but this instrument upsets that theory," and Prof. Barker of Philadelphia is now contemplating the introduction of a vocalion into St. George's Hall, in his city. The sale of the vocalion is controlled by Messrs. Mason & Risch of this city. They manufacture at Worcester, Mass., U. S. A., for the United States and foreign markets, and control the Warren Vocalion factory of Toronto, to supply the Canadian and English trade. The exhibit is the first on the right hand side of the main aisle of the Annex, and besides several specimens of the vocalion, contains five very beautiful styles of their justly celebrated pianos, of which we shall have occasion to speak in a subsequent issue. The entire exhibit is of articles taken from their regular stock, no special preparation having been made for exhibition purposes, either in design, musical character, or construction. The interest shown by all classes of visitors in this exhibit, on this the opening day, would indicate that it will be the main attraction in the various buildings throughout the progress of the Industrial.

Obtaining the Necessary Permission

The Young Man (rapturously)—And now, Flossie, it only remains for you to name the happy day. Please make it soon, very, very soon, darling.

The Young Woman (in the kitchen a few moments later)—Bridget; would it interfere with any of your engagements, if I should be married three weeks from next Wednesday evening?—*N. Y. Mercury.*

Grand Opera House.

The popular Irish comedian, Daniel Sully, will be the attraction at the Grand Opera House during the second week of the Fair, and his appearance will be welcome to all lovers of laughter and fun. He will produce his delightful domestic comedy, "Daddy Nolan," in which he has gained a distinct and lasting success. It scene is laid in New York city and an immense amount of fun is generated in the development of the story of the play. Mr. Sully brings an excellent company, some attractive special scenery, and the management confidently look forward to an unprecedentedly large week's business, and take pleasure in presenting a thoroughly popular and standard attraction to the thousands of visitors to the Fair.

A Man in the House.

Mr. John H Oberly was born at just one o'clock in the morning, and he relates the following circumstance concerning the twenty-first anniversary of that event:

The entire household was asleep, excepting, presumably, young Oberly. At a few minutes after one o'clock he went to the door of each bedroom, and with feigned cautiousness aroused the sleeper saying:

"There's a man in the house."

Presently everybody was up and half dressed. Some ventured out into the hall, others stood timidly in their half open doorways, while still others remained out of sight behind locked doors.

"Come out here," said John to those who had not left the rooms; "I tell you there's a man in the house."

Finally he succeeded in getting everybody into the hall, where the group stood half afraid, half ashamed to show fear.

"Where is he?" said one.

"Here I am," answered John; "I am a man, I was twenty-one fifteen minutes ago."

Art in Dress.

The peaked lapel and the shawl collar "swallow tail" are the only coats that can be properly worn for evening dress, though the dress sack is perfectly correct for "stag" parties. Taylor & Co., Art Tailors, 59 Yonge street.

Mr. Geo. A. Bingham, druggist, 100 Yonge street, takes great pleasure in informing the public, that during the Exhibition he has reduced Beef, Iron and Coca Wine to seventy-five cents.

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AT 8 P.M.

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OBSERVE—Recently in the *Saturday Night* we informed you that our Dances and Music, "La Branco," "Ripple," "Jersey," "La Frolique," "La Zicka" and "Gavotte" Lancers, have been adopted by the profession and are taught in 31 cities and towns in the United States, including New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Galveston (Texas), Chicago, San Francisco, &c., &c. You will therefore readily see that it is to your interest to go to the fountain head for instructions, especially when it can be found right here in Toronto. N.B.—We make a specialty of teaching all legitimate dances of society. Experience, 30 years.

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my business to Yonge Street as is the impression with a large circle of my friends, but am to be found at the old stand, No. 1 ROSSIN HOUSE BLOCK, where I shall be pleased to see any of my old customers.

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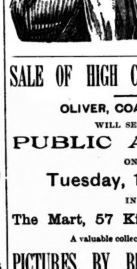

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Three rows of 3 inch pipe, 450 in each house, a total of 1350 feet in all. Cost of fuel for eight days trial during severest part of winter with Egg coal, houses ranging from 60 degrees at night to 65 or 70 degrees in the day, amounted to 51 cents per day or an average of 17 cents each house, and a further trial with cheap fuel gave good results at a much less cost. The Boiler would run a fourth house and then have power to spare. For Greenhouse work, as an independent Boiler without brick work, notwithstanding any assertion which may be made to the contrary, the Gurney Heater is all that can be desired. Give it a good long draft and it will far surpass all expectations.

I may add that the Boiler, standing inside the center house and not being troubled in any way with the gas, the whole of the heat generated is economized. I am more than pleased with it.

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Births.

JOHNSTON—Toronto, September 5, Mrs. Carlyle Johnston—a son.
EMORY—Toronto, September 5, Mrs. W. J. Hunter Emory—a son.
DUNCAN—Alliston, September 3, Mrs. J. M. Duncan—a daughter, stillborn.
SELBY—Stayner, September 8, Mrs. Henry W. Selby—a daughter.
PARKER—Toronto, September 8, Mrs. Geo. H. Parker—a son.
THOMPSON—Toronto, September 8, Mrs. F. W. Thompson—a son.
O'GRADY—Toronto, September 9, Mrs. G. O'Grady—a son.
ADAMSON—Toronto, August 26, Mrs. George Stanley Adamson—a son.
LOCKWOOD—Guelph, September 4, Mrs. H. Lockwood—a son.
BURCH—Toronto, August 31, Mrs. Charles E. Burch—a son.
CLOW—Toronto, Mrs. George Clow—a son.
GIBSON—Toronto, September 3, Mrs. A. Cecil Gibson—a son.
GILRAY—Toronto, September 6, Mrs. R. Gilray—a son.
HOGG—Toronto, August 31, Mrs. W. Hogg—a daughter.
KAY—Toronto, September 1, Mrs. Geo. Kay—a daughter.
McCARTHY—Toronto, September 9, Mrs. Hamilton McCarthy—a daughter.

Marriages.

WHITACRE—MATHERS—At Toronto, September 12, by Rev. Septimus Jones, John G. Whitacre to Mary Florence, daughter of Will m Mathers.
BOULTER—WEST—At Toronto, September 5, Harry C. Boulter to Effie A. West.
BALL—KING—At Toronto, Robert N. Ball of Woodstock, to Maggie H. King.
DEACON—SMITH—At Cote St. Antoine, September 4, R. S. Deacon of Toronto, to Florence Smith of Montreal.
DUNTON—WALLIS—At Etobicoke, September 5, D. Dunton of Paris, to Annie Wallis.
WOODYARD—NASH—At Toronto, September 3, Charles Woodyard to Clara Nash.
CLENDENAN—JOHNSTON—At Port Hope, September 9, Charles Clendenan to Elgan L. Johnston.
ELLIOTT—TENNANT—At Toronto, September 4, Joseph Nicol Elliott to Mabel Tennant.
GILLARD—GORDON—At Toronto, September 10, Malcolm J. Gillard to Georgina Gordon.
GILLING—HOGG—At Toronto, George H. Gilling to Marietta Hogg.
ALISON—HORNE—At Windsor, Ont., September 4, Chas. Alison to Caroline Isabel Horne.
WARNOCK—CUTLER—At Galt, September 4, Charles R. H. Warnock to Marion J. Cutler.
HAMMOND—WISE—At Toronto, September 9, Arthur Hammond to Helen Wise.
AVERY—SMOUT—At Toronto, September 2, James H. Avery to Jane E. Smout.
WANLESS—MARSHALL—At Toronto, September 5, W. J. Wanless to Mary E. Marshall.
JOHNSON—McCURDY—At Toronto, September 4, T. B. Johnson to Minnie McCurdy.

Deaths.

AIKENS—Toronto, September 10, Wm. Jas. Aikens, aged 18.
COBBAN—Milton, Charles Cobban.
CLOUGHER—Toronto, September 9, John B. Clougher, aged 42.
FOSTER—Toronto, September 10, Joseph Foster, aged 57.
GOUGH—Kleinberg, September 10, John J. Gough.
HUGHES—Toronto, September 9, Lindall Hughes, aged 9 months.
STEVENSON—Montreal, September 8, Pillans S. Stevenson.
CAMPBELL—Toronto, September 5, Mary Campbell.
LLOYD—Sherbrooke, August 28, Mary Rachel Lloyd.
O'CALLAGHAN—Toronto, September 5, Francis F. O'Callaghan, aged 48.
ALLAN—Toronto, September 7, Mary Morrison Allan.
HARISON—Toronto, September 7, Minturn Harison.
GORDON—Harrington, September 4, Gilbert M. Gordon, aged 13.
RITCHIE—Toronto, September 8, Grace Ritchie.
PARTRIDGE—Toronto, September 9, Celia Partridge, aged 7 months.
WILSON—Toronto, September 10, Robert Wilson.
ROLPH—Toronto, September 10, Grace D. D. Rolph, aged 19.
SAMPSON—Brandon, Man., September 6, Bella Sampson.
DAVIE—Toronto, September 7, Jessie Davie, aged 1 year.
ECKHART—Toronto, September 7, George, infant son of H. P. Eckhart.
KELLER—Toronto, September 5, Otty, youngest child of J. Keller, aged 7 months.
WATSON—Toronto, September 10, Annie Watson.
HELLIWELL—Toronto, September 6, Wm. P. Helliwell.
THOMPSON—Toronto, September 6, Flora Thompson.

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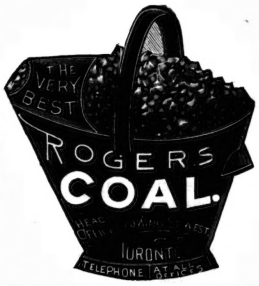

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